

# SPIRIT

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### ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Mon. Mag.)

#### JOOLOAK'S SONG.

(Vide Captain Parry's Voyage.)

"I WOULD not leave home, for my father would  
cry ;"  
My friends they would mourn, and my maiden  
would die :  
I would not leave home, tho' of ice and of snow,—  
I have joys which no stranger can relish or know :  
I can gather my meal  
From the walrus and seal,  
Ah, why should I wander to Europe ? " No, no !"  
The beam of my slumbers, the spirit of sleep,  
Is dear in the promise that safely I keep ;  
I can traverse the isles in the gleaming of day,  
And remember my friends who are voyaged away :

In my hut, by my oil,  
I can rest from my toil,  
Then why should I wander to Europe ?—" Nay,  
nay !"  
My dogs they are faithful, my skins they are warm.  
The lips of my maiden, how sweetly they charm !  
Suns will shine in the zone of Love's beautiful dress,  
And the heart with Love's eye-stars will feelings  
express ;  
Ah, why should I roam  
From my treasures and home ?  
My spirit would break were my answer, "Yes, yes !"  
*Islington, April 14, 1824. J. R. PRIOR.*

(Europ. Mag.)

#### THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

Mark yonder hag, that mutters as she goes ;  
She deals in charms—can read the Book of Fate,  
And tell the future with unerring skill,  
One of the Gipsy tribe, whom maids consult,  
When silver spoons are missing—or when Love  
Beats an alarm in their timid hearts.

BENEATH yon hedge I saw them stand,  
The Gipsy held the maiden's hand ;  
And as its lines she paus'd to trace,  
She gaz'd upon an anxious face.

I mark'd them both—the moon was high,  
And pure and cloudless was the sky ;  
And as I listen'd in the shade,  
The Sybil thus addressed the maid.

Maiden, thou would'st have told to thee  
The secret of thy destiny ;  
Then on this palm now plac'd in mine,  
For thee I'll read each mystic line.

'Tis a fair hand—a fairer one  
These aged eyes ne'er gaz'd upon ;  
But ah ! these signs too well betray,  
That clouds will cross thy summer's day !

This is the line of hope—and this  
Should be the mark of love and bliss.  
But that it ends abruptly here—  
Oh ! maiden—thou hast much to fear.

A dark ey'd man will cross thy way,  
Thy guileless bosom to betray ;  
And he will use his honied tongue  
To win thee—beautiful and young !

Maiden—what means that boding sigh ?  
Thou hast already met his eye ;  
Thy ear hath drunk his accents sweet,  
Unconscious of their deep deceit.

I see 'tis so—thy cheek is pale ;  
Thou dost not like to hear the tale ;  
But thou his proffer'd love must spurn,  
Or thine will meet a base return !

Thou hast a pure and polish'd brow,  
'Tis lovely in the moonlight now ;  
Thou hast an eye, beneath whose lid  
The softest light of love is hid ;

So much the worse, for I can trace  
Upon that pure and polish'd place,  
Whose whiteness shames the feath'ry snow,  
Ere yet it touches earth below,

Impassion'd thoughts—fond hopes and feelings,  
A soul awake to Love's revealings ;  
A heart that doted and believed !  
Was ruined—wretched—and deceived !

Weep not—weep not—but steel thy soul  
Against deceitful Love's controul,  
His power once rooted in thy breast,  
Then farewell happiness and rest.

Maiden—my skill can only see  
Thus far into thy destiny ;  
The rest remains conceal'd from view,  
Behind yon canopy of blue.

The gipsy paus'd—the maiden sigh'd,  
A heaving sigh she turn'd to hide,  
Then slow and sadly bent her way  
To yon low tenement of clay.

While mutt'ring words of magic power,  
The Sybil sought her woody bower ;  
And I to cheat the fleeting time,  
Mused my sad feelings into rhyme. G. L. A.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

## DOGS.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

**T**HERE being no adage more generally established, or better founded, than that the principal conversation of shepherds meeting on the hills is either about DOGS or LASSES, I shall make each of these important topics a head, or rather a *snag*, in my Pastoral Calendar, whereon to hang a few amusing anecdotes ; the one of these forming the chief support, and the other the chief temporal delight, of the shepherd's solitary and harmless life.

Though it may appear a singular perversion of the order of nature to put the dogs before the lasses, I shall nevertheless begin with the former. I think I see how North will chuckle at this, and think to himself how this is all of the shepherd being fallen into the back ground of life, (by which epithet he is pleased to distinguish the married state,) for that he had seen the day he would hardly have given angels the preference to lasses, not to speak of a parcel of tatted towsy tykes !

I beg your pardon, sir, but utility should always take precedency of pleasure. A shepherd may be a very able, trusty, and good shepherd, without a sweetheart—better, perhaps, than with one. But what is he without his dog ? A mere post, sir—a nonentity as a shepherd—no better than one of the grey stones upon the side of his hill. A literary pedlar, such as yourself, Sir Christy, and all the thousands beside who deal in your small wares, will not believe, that a single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs. So that you see, and it is a fact, that, without this docile little animal, the pastoral life would be a mere

blank. Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock were capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog ; he is indeed the fellow that earns the family's bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel ; always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interest. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst of treatment, will drive him from his side ; he will follow him through fire and water, as the saying is, and through every hardship, without murmur or repining, till he literally fall down dead at his foot. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new one, or condescend to work for him with the same avidity as he did for his former lord ; but if he once acknowledge him, he continues attached to him till death ; and though naturally proud and high-spirited, in as far as relates to his master, these qualities (or rather failings) are kept so much in subordination, that he has not a will of his own. Of such a grateful, useful, and disinterested animal, I could write volumes ; and now that I have got on my hobby, I greatly suspect that all my friends at Ambrose's will hardly get me off again.

I once sent you an account of a notable dog of my own, named Sirrah, which amused a number of your readers a great deal, and put their faith in

my veracity somewhat to the test ; but in this district, where the singular qualities of the animal were known, so far from any of the anecdotes being disputed, every shepherd values himself to this day on the possession of facts far outstripping any of those recorded by you formerly. With a few of these I shall conclude this paper.

But, in the first place, I must give you some account of my own renowned Hector,\* which I promised long ago. He was the son and immediate successor of the faithful old Sirrah ; and though not nearly so valuable a dog as his father, he was a far more interesting one. He had three times more humour and whim about him ; and though exceedingly docile, his bravest acts were mostly tinctured with a grain of stupidity, which showed his reasoning faculty to be laughably obtuse.

I shall mention a striking instance of it. I was once at the farm of Shorthope, on Ettrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late ; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs, if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home ; but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark, that we were obliged to fold them with candles ; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting ! and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out, and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed

about this ; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if Hector had come home. No ; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do ; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road ; and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope, to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold, to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold ; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he durst not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both at night and morning.

Another peculiarity of his was, that he had a mortal antipathy at the family mouser, which was ingrained in his nature from his very puppyhood ; yet so perfectly absurd was he, that no impertinence on her side, and no baiting on, could ever induce him to lay his mouth on her, or injure her in the slightest degree. There was not a day, and scarcely an hour passed over, that the family did not get some amusement with these two animals. Whenever he was within doors, his whole occupation was watching and pointing the cat from morning to night. When she flitted from one place to another, so did he in a moment ; and then squatting down, he kept his point sedulously, till he was either called off, or fell asleep.

*See the Mountain Bard.*

He was an exceedingly poor taker of meat, was always to press to it, and always lean ; and often he would not taste it till we were obliged to bring in the cat. The malicious looks that he cast at her from under his eyebrows on such occasions, were exceedingly ludicrous, considering his utter incapability of wronging her. Whenever he saw her, he drew near his bicker, and looked angry, but still he would not taste till she was brought to it ; and then he cocked his tail, set up his birses, and began a lapping furiously, in utter desperation. His good nature was so immoveable, that he would never refuse her a share of what he got ; he even lapped close to the one side of the dish, and left her room—but mercy as he did ply !

It will appear strange to you to hear a dog's *reasoning faculty* mentioned, as I have done ; but, I declare, I have hardly ever seen a shepherd's dog do any thing, without perceiving his reasons for it. I have often amused myself in calculating what his motives were for such and such things, and I generally found them very cogent ones. But Hector had a droll stupidity about him, and took up forms and rules of his own, for which I could never perceive any motive that was not even farther out of the way than the action itself. He had one uniform practice, and a very bad one it was ; during the time of family worship, and just three or four seconds before the conclusion of the prayer, he started to his feet, and ran barking round the apartment like a crazed beast. My father was so much amused with this, that he would never suffer me to correct him for it, and I scarcely ever saw the old man rise from the prayer without his endeavouring to suppress a smile at the extravagance of Hector. None of us ever could find out how he knew that the prayer was near done, for my father was not formal in his prayers ; but certes he did know,—of that we had nightly evidence. There never was any thing for which I was so puzzled to discover a motive as this ; but, from accident, I did discover it, and, however ludicrous it may appear, I am certain I was correct. It was much

in character with many of Hector's feats, and rather, I think, the most *outré* of any principle he ever acted on. As I said, his great daily occupation was pointing the cat. Now, when he saw us kneel all down in a circle, with our faces couched on our paws, in the same posture with himself, it struck his absurd head, that we were all engaged in pointing the cat. He lay on tenters all the time, but the acuteness of his ear enabling him, through time, to ascertain the very moment when we would all spring to our feet, he thought to himself, " I shall be first after her for you all."

He inherited his dad's unfortunate ear for music, not perhaps in so extravagant a degree, but he ever took care to exhibit it on the most untimely and ill-judged occasions. Owing to some misunderstanding between the minister of the parish and the session clerk, the precenting in church devolved on my father, who was the senior elder. Now, my father could have sung several of the old church tunes middling well, in his own family circle ; but it so happened, that, when mounted in the desk, he never could command the starting notes of any but one (St. Paul's), which were always in undue readiness at the root of his tongue, to the exclusion of every other semibreve in the whole range of sacred melody. The minister, giving out psalms four times in the course of every day's service, consequently, the congregation were treated with St. Paul's, in the morning, at great length, twice in the course of the service, and then once again at the close. Nothing but St. Paul's. And, it being of itself a monotonous tune, nothing could exceed the monotony that prevailed in the primitive church of Ettrick. Out of pure sympathy for my father alone, I was compelled to take the precentorship in hand ; and, having plenty of tunes, for a good while I came on as *well as could be expected*, as men say of their wives. But, unfortunately for me, Hector found out that I attended church every Sunday, and though I had him always closed up carefully at home, he rarely failed in making his appearance in church at some time of

the day. Whenever I saw him, a tremor came over my spirits, for I well knew what the issue would be. The moment that he heard my voice strike up the psalm, "with might and majesty," then did he fall in with such overpowering vehemence, that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads, and laid them down on the backs of the seats, rowed in their plaids, and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red. I despised to stick the tune, and therefore was obliged to carry it on in spite of the obstreperous accompaniment; but I was, time after time, so completely put out of all countenance with the brute, that I was obliged to give up my office in disgust, and leave the parish once more to their old friend, St. Paul.

Hector was quite incapable of performing the same feats among sheep that his father did; but, as far as his judgment served him, he was a docile and obliging creature. He had one singular quality, of keeping true to the charge to which he was set. If we had been shearing, or sorting sheep in any way, when a division was turned out, and Hector got the word to attend to them, he would have done it pleasantly, for a whole day, without the least symptom of weariness. No noise or hurry about the fold, which brings every other dog from his business, had the least effect upon Hector, save that it made him a little troublesome on his own charge, and set him a running round and round them, turning them in at corners, out of a sort of impatience to be employed as well as his baying neighbours at the fold. Whenever old Sirrah found himself hard set in commanding wild sheep on steep ground, where they are worst to manage, he never failed, without any hint to the purpose, to throw himself wide in below them, and lay their faces to the hill, by which means he got the command of them in a minute. I never could make Hector comprehend this advantage, with all my art, although his father found it out entirely of himself. The former would turn or wear sheep no other way, but

on the hill above them; and tho' very good at it, he gave both them and himself double the trouble and fatigue.

It cannot be supposed that he could understand all that was passing in the little family circle, but he certainly comprehended a good part of it. In particular, it was very easy to discover that he rarely missed aught that was said about himself, the sheep, the cat, or of a hunt. When aught of that nature came to be discussed, Hector's attention and impatience soon became manifest. There was one winter evening, I said to my mother that I was going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, for that I had more conveniency for writing with Alexander Laidlaw, than at home; and I added, "But I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar."—"Na, na," quoth she, "leave Hector with me; I like aye best to have him at hame, poor fallow."

These were all the words that passed. The next morning the waters were in a great flood, and I did not go away till after breakfast; but when the time came for tying up Hector, he was wanting.—"The d——'s in that beast," said I, "I will wager that he heard what we were saying yesternight, and has gone off for Bowerhope as soon as the door was opened this morning."

"If that should really be the case, I'll think the beast no canny," said my mother.

The Yarrow was so large as to be quite impassable, so that I had to go up by St. Mary's Loch, and go across by the boat; and, on drawing near to Bowerhope, I soon perceived that matters had gone precisely as I suspected. Large as the Yarrow was, and it appeared impassable by any living creature, Hector had made his escape early in the morning, had swum the river, and was sitting, "like a drookit hen," on a knoll at the east end of the house, awaiting my arrival with great impatience. I had a great attachment to this animal, who, with a good deal of absurdity, joined all the amiable qualities of his species. He was rather of a small size, very rough and shagged, and not far from the colour of a fox.

His son, Lion, was the very picture of his dad, had a good deal more sagacity, but also more selfishness. A history of the one, however, would only be an epitome of that of the other. Mr. William Nicholson took a fine likeness of this latter one, which that gentleman still possesses. He could not get him to sit for his picture in such a position as he wanted, till he exhibited a singularly fine picture of his, of a small dog, on the opposite side of the room. Lion took it for a real animal, and, disliking its fierce and important look exceedingly, he immediately set up his ears, and his shaggy birses, and fixing a stern eye on the picture, in manifest wrath, he would then sit for a whole day, and point his eye at it, without budging or altering his position.

It is a curious fact, in the history of these animals, that the most useless of the breed have often the greatest degree of sagacity in trifling and useless matters. An exceedingly good sheep dog attends to nothing else, but that particular branch of business to which he is bred. His whole capacity is exerted and exhausted on it, and he is of little avail in miscellaneous matters; whereas, a very indifferent cur, bred about the house, and accustomed to assist with every thing, will often put the more noble breed to disgrace, in these paltry services. If one calls out, for instance, that the cows are in the corn, or the hens in the garden, the house-colley needs no other hint, but runs and turns them out. The shepherd's dog knows not what is a stir; and, if he is called out in a hurry for such work, all that he will do is to break to the hill, and rear himself up on end, to see if no sheep are running away. A bred sheep-dog, if coming ravening from the hills, and getting into a milk house, would most likely think of nothing else than filling his belly with the cream. Not so his uninitiated brother. He is bred at home, to far higher principles of honour. I have known such to lie night and day, among from ten to twenty pails full of milk, and never once break the cream of one of them with the tip of his tongue, nor would he suffer cat,

rat, or any other creature, to touch it. This latter sort, too, are far more acute at taking up what is said in a family. There was a farmer of this country, a Mr. Alexander Cuninghame, who had a bitch that, for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of her life, met him always at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same; she met him at that spot, and there never was an instance seen of her going to wait his arrival there on a wrong day. If this was a fact, which I have heard averred by people who lived in the house at that time, she could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family. The same animal would have gone and brought the cows from the hill when it grew dark, without any bidding, yet she was a very indifferent sheep-dog.

The anecdotes of these animals are all so much alike, that were I but to relate the thousandth part of those I have heard, they would often look very much like repetitions. I shall therefore only in this paper mention one or two of the most singular, which I know to be well authenticated.

There was a shepherd lad near Langholm, whose name was Scott, who possessed a bitch, famed over all the West Border for her singular tractability. He could have sent her home with one sheep, two sheep, or any given number, from any of the neighbouring farms; and in the lambing season it was his uniform practice to send her home with the kebbed ewes just as he got them.—I must let the town reader understand this. A kebbed ewe is one whose lamb dies. As soon as such is found, she is immediately brought home by the shepherd, and another lamb put to her; and this lad, on going his rounds on the hill, whenever he found a kebbed ewe, he immediately gave her in charge to his bitch to take home, which saved him from coming back that way again, and going over the same ground he had looked before. She always took them carefully home, and put them into a fold, which was close by the house,

keeping watch over them, till she was seen by some one of the family ; and then that moment she decamped, and hasted back to her master, who sometimes sent her three times home in one morning, with different charges. It was the custom of the farmer to watch her, and take the sheep in charge from her ; but this required a good deal of caution ; for as soon as she perceived that she was seen, whether the sheep were put into the fold or not, she conceived her charge at an end, and no flattery could induce her to stay and assist in folding them. There was a display of accuracy and attention in this, that I cannot say I have ever seen equalled.

The late Mr. Steel, flesher in Peebles, had a bitch that was fully equal to the one mentioned above, and that in the very same qualification too. Her feats in taking home sheep from the neighbouring farms into the flesh-market at Peebles by herself, form innumerable anecdotes in that vicinity, all similar to one another. But there is one instance related of her, that combines so much sagacity with natural affection, that I do not think the history of the animal creation furnishes such another.

Mr. Steel had such an implicit dependence on the attention of this animal to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride of leaving it to herself, and either remained to take a glass with the farmer of whom he had made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition, as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly defined path to it. Whether Mr. Steel remained behind, or took another road, I know not ; but on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her ; but on their going out to the street, there was she

coming with the drove, no one missing ; and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth ! She had been taken in travail on these hills ; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering, is beyond human calculation ; for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected ; but she was nothing daunted ; and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another, and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one ; but the last one was dead. I give this as I have heard it related by the country people ; for though I knew Mr. Walter Steel well enough, I cannot say I ever heard it from his own mouth. I never entertained any doubt, however, of the truth of the relation, and certainly it is worthy of being preserved, for the credit of that most docile and affectionate of all animals—the shepherd's dog.

The stories related of the dogs of sheep-stealers are fairly beyond all credibility. I cannot attach credit to those without believing the animals to have been devils incarnate, come to the earth for the destruction of both the souls and bodies of men. I cannot mention names, for the sake of families that still remain in the country ; but there have been sundry men executed, who belonged to this department of the realm, for that heinous crime, in my own time ; and others have absconded, just in time to save their necks. There was not one of these to whom I allude who did not acknowledge his dog to be the greatest aggressor. One young man, in particular, who was, I believe, overtaken by justice for his first offence, stated, that after he had folded the sheep by moonlight, and selected his number from the flock of a former master, he took them out, and set away with them towards Edinburgh. But before he had got them quite off the farm, his conscience smote him, as he said, (but more likely a dread of that which soon followed,) and he quitted the sheep, letting them go again to the hill. He

called his dog off them ; and mounting his pony, he rode away. At that time he said his dog was capering and playing around him, as if glad of having got free of a troublesome business ; and he regarded him no more, till, after having rode about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up behind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, in a few minutes there comes his dog with the stolen drove, driving them at a furious rate to keep up with his master. The sheep were all smoking, and hanging out their tongues, and their driver was fully as warm as they. The young man was now exceedingly troubled ; for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded there would be a pursuit, and he could not get them home again before day. Resolving, at all events, to keep his hands clear of them, he corrected his dog in great wrath, left the sheep once more, and taking his dog with him, rode off a second time. He had not ridden above a mile, till he perceived that his dog had again given him the slip ; and suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined ; for the day-light approached, and he durst not make a noise calling on his dog, for fear of alarming the neighbourhood, in a place where both he and his dog were known. He resolved therefore to abandon the animal to himself, and take a road across the country which he was sure his dog did not know, and could not follow. He took that road ; but being on horseback, he could not get across the enclosed fields. He at length came to a gate, which he closed behind him, and went about half a mile farther, by a zigzag course, to a farm-house where both his sister and sweetheart lived ; and at that place he remained till after breakfast time. The people of this house were all examined on the trial, and no one had either seen sheep, or heard them mentioned, save one man, who came up to the aggressor as he was standing at the stable-door, and told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough down at the Crooked Yett, and he needed not hurry himself. He answered, that the sheep

were not his—they were young Mr. Thomson's, who had left them to his charge ; and he was in search of a man to drive them, which made him come off his road.

After this discovery, it was impossible for the poor fellow to get quit of them ; so he went down and took possession of the stolen drove once more, carried them on, and disposed of them ; and, finally, the transaction cost him his life. The dog, for the last four or five miles that he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone, but the smell of his pony's feet. I appeal to every unprejudiced person if this was not as like one of the devil's tricks as an honest colley's.

It is also well known that there was a notorious sheep-stealer in the county of Mid-Lothian, who, had it not been for the skins and sheep's-heads, would never have been condemned, as he could, with the greatest ease, have proved an *alibi* every time on which there were suspicions cherished against him. He always went by one road, calling on his acquaintances, and taking care to appear to every body by whom he was known ; while his dog went by another with the stolen sheep ; and then on the two felons meeting again, they had nothing more ado than turn the sheep into an associate's enclosure, in whose house the dog was well fed and entertained, and would have soon taken on the fat sheep on the Lothian edges to that house. This was likewise a female, a jet-black one, with a deep coat of soft hair, but smooth headed, and very strong and handsome in her make. On the disappearance of her master, she lay about the hills and the places where he had frequented ; but she never attempted to steal a drove by herself, nor yet any thing for her own hand. She was kept a while by a relation of her master's ; but never acting heartily in his service, soon came to an untimely end privately. Of this there is little doubt, although some spread the report that one evening, after uttering two or three loud howls, she had vanished !—From such dogs as these, good Lord deliver us !

ALTRIVE, Feb. 2d, 1824.

H.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

## SOUTH-AMERICAN AMUSEMENTS.—BULL-FIGHTS—GUASSOS—WILD HORSE HUNTING, &amp;c.\*

THE only preface we need to the following paper, is that of noticing that the author is in Lima, after its conquest by San Martin and Lord Cochrane :—

“ Being desirous (says Capt. H.) of ascertaining, by every means, the real state of popular feeling, which generally develops itself at public meetings, I went to one of the bull-fights, given in honour of the new Viceroy’s installation. It took place in an immense wooden amphitheatre, capable of holding, it was said, twenty thousand people. As we had been disappointed at Valparaiso by a sham bull-fight, we hoped here to witness an exhibition worthy of the mother country. But the resemblance was not less faulty, though in the opposite extreme, for the bulls were here put to death with so many unusual circumstances of cruelty, as not only to make it unlike the proper bull-fights, but take away all pleasure in the spectacle from persons not habituated to the sight. These exhibitions have been described by so many travellers, that it is needless here to do more than advert to some circumstances peculiar to those of Lima.

“ After the bull had been repeatedly speared, and tormented by darts and fire-works, and was all streaming with blood, the matador, on a signal from the Viceroy, proceeded to dispatch him. Not being however sufficiently expert, he merely sheathed his sword in the animal’s neck without effect. The bull instantly took his revenge, by tossing the matador to a great height in the air, and he fell apparently dead in the arena. The audience applauded the bull, while the attendants carried off the matador. The bull next attacked the horseman, dismounted him, ripped up the horse’s belly, and bore him to the ground, where he was not suffered to die in peace, but was raised

on his legs, and urged, by whipping and goading, to move round the ring in a state too horrible to be described, but which afforded the spectators the greatest delight. The noble bull had thus succeeded in baffling his tormentors as long as fair means were used, when a cruel device was thought of to subdue him. A large curved instrument called a Luna was thrown at him from behind, in such a way as to divide the hamstrings of the hind legs; such, however, were his strength and spirit, that he did not fall, but actually travelled along at a tolerable pace on his stumps, a most horrible sight! This was not all, for a man armed with a dagger now mounted the bull’s back, and rode about for some minutes to the infinite delight of the spectators, who were thrown into ecstasies, and laughed and clapped their hands at every stab given to the miserable animal, not to kill him, but to stimulate him to accelerate his space; at length, the poor beast, exhausted by loss of blood, fell down and died.

“ The greater number of the company, although females, seemed so enchanted with the brutal scene passing under their eyes, that I looked round, in vain, for a single face that looked grave; every individual seemed quite delighted; and it was melancholy to observe a great proportion of children among the spectators, from one of whom, a little girl, only eight years old, I learned that she had already seen three bull-fights; the details of which she gave with great animation and pleasure, dwelling especially on those horrid circumstances I have described. It would shock and disgust to no purpose to give a minute account of other instances of wanton cruelty, which, however, appeared to be the principal recommendation of these exhibitions.

“ The reflections which force themselves on the mind, on contemplating a whole population frequently engaged

\* Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the year 1820, 21, & 22. By Capt. Basil Hall, R. N. Author of *A Voyage to Loo Choo*.

in such scenes, are of a painful nature ; for it seems impossible to conceive, that, where the taste is so thoroughly corrupted, there can be left any ground work of right feelings, upon which to raise a superstructure of principle, of knowledge, or of just sentiment."

Connected with these struggles of man against animals, we have some extraordinary details of the skill and prowess of the guassos :

"When a wild horse is to be taken, the lasso is always placed round the two hind legs, and, as the guasso rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching his poucho or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head ; he then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the poucho ; upon which the astonished horse springs upon his legs, and endeavours, by a thousand vain efforts, to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his speed and strength in the capture of his wild companions.

"During the recent wars in this country, the lasso was used as a weapon of great power in the hands of the guassos, who make bold and useful troops, and never fail to dismount cavalry, or to throw down the horses of those who come within their reach. There is a well-authenticated story of a party of eight or ten of these men, who had never seen a piece of artillery, till one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres ; they galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it. Another anecdote is related of them, which, though possible enough, does not rest on such good authority. A number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain point on the coast, guarded

solely by these horsemen. The party in the boats, caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. The guassos, meanwhile, were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and, throwing their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats.

"Before breakfast to-day, we witnessed the South American method of killing cattle, a topic which, at first sight, must appear no very delicate or inviting one ; but I trust it will not prove uninteresting, or disagreeable in description.

"The cattle, as I before mentioned, had been driven into an inclosure, or corral, whence they were now let out, one by one, and killed ; but not in the manner practised in England, where, I believe, they are dragged into a house, and dispatched by blows on the forehead by a pole-axe. Here the whole took place in the open air, and resembled rather the catastrophe of a grand field sport, than a mere deliberate slaughter. On a level space of ground before the corral were ranged in a line four or five guassos on horseback, with their lassos all ready in their hands ; and opposite to them another line of men on foot, furnished also with lassos, so as to form a wide line, extending from the gate of the corral to the distance of thirty or forty yards. When all was prepared, the leader of the guassos drew out the bars closing the entrance to the corral ; and, riding in, separated one from the drove, which he goaded till it escaped at the opening. The reluctance of the cattle to quit the corral was evident, but when, at length, forced to do so, they dashed forward with the utmost impetuosity. It is said that, in this country, even the wildest animals have an instinctive horror of the lasso ; those in a domestic state certainly have, and betray fear whenever they see it. Be this as it may, the moment they pass the gate, they spring forward at full speed, with all the appearance of terror. But were they to go ten times faster, it would avail them nothing against the irresistible lasso, which, in the midst of

dust, and a confusion seemingly inextricable, were placed by the guassos with the most perfect correctness over the parts aimed at. There cannot be conceived a more spirited, or a more picturesque scene than was now presented to us; or one which, in the hands of a bold sketcher, would have furnished a finer subject. Let the furious beast be imagined driven almost to madness by thirst, and a variety of irritations, and in the utmost terror at the multitude of lassos whirling all around him; he rushes wildly forward, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils almost touching the ground, and his breath driving off the dust in its course:—for one short instant he is free, and full of life and strength, defying, as it were, all the world to restrain him in his headlong course; the next moment he is covered with lassos, his horns, his neck, his legs, are all encircled by these inevitable cords, hanging loose, in long festoons from the hands of the horsemen galloping in all directions, but the next instant as tight as bars of iron; and the noble animal lies prostrate on the ground, motionless and helpless. He is immediately dispatched by a man on foot, who stands ready for this purpose with a sharp knife in his hand; and as soon as the body is disentangled from the lassos, it is drawn on one side, and another is driven out of the corral, and caught in the same manner.

“On begging to know why so many lassos were thrown at once on these occasions, we learned that the first rush of the beast, when driven out of the corral, is so impetuous, that few single ones are strong enough to bear the jerk without breaking. As an experiment, a cow, in a very furious state, was let out, and directions given for only two men to attempt to stop her. The first lasso fell over her head, and drew it round, so that the horns almost touched her back, but the cord snapped without stopping her; the second was intentionally placed round the fore part of the body, but it also broke without materially checking her progress. Away went the cow, scouring over the country, followed by two fresh horsemen standing erect in their

stirrups, with their lassos flying round their heads, and their pouchos streaming out behind them; an animating and characteristic sight. The cow galloped, and the horses galloped, and such is the speed which cattle acquire when accustomed to run wild, that at first the horses had but little advantage. The ground being covered with shrubs and young trees, and full of hollow places, and sunk roads, the chase was diversified by many leaps, in which, although the poor cow did well at first, the horses, ere long, gained upon her, and the nearest guasso, perceiving that he was just within reach, let fly his lasso. The cow was at such a distance that it required the whole length of the lasso to reach her, and the noose had become so contracted by the knot slipping up, that it was barely large enough to admit the horns; had the cow been one foot more in advance, the circle would have become too small. When the rider saw the noose fixed, he stopped and turned his horse, upon which the poor cow, her head nearly wrung off, was cast to the ground with great violence. The second horseman dashed along, and on passing the cow, instead of throwing his lasso, merely stooped on one side, and laid the noose, which he had contracted to a small circle, over her horns. This done, the guassos turned their horses' heads and trotted back with their unwilling prize, not having been more than four or five minutes absent from the ground.

“There is another method of arresting the animal's progress without using the lasso, which is said to require even more skill and presence of mind than that formidable instrument itself. A horseman is stationed a little way from the entrance of the corral, armed with an instrument called a Luna, which consists of a steel blade about a foot long, and curved, as its name implies, in the form of a crescent, sharpened on the concave edge, and having a pole ten or twelve feet long screwed into the middle of the blunt or convex side; so that, when held horizontally, the horns of the crescent point forward. The rider carries this luna in his right hand, couched like a

lance, the blade being then about two feet from the ground, in advance of the horse, while the staff is kept steady by passing it under the arm. Having allowed the animal to rush past, he puts spurs to his horse, gallops after, and on coming close up, places his weapon in such a situation, that when the animal's right hind leg is thrown backwards, it shall enter the fork or crescent of the luna, and by striking against the edge, which is made as sharp as a razor, divide the tendon. The weapon is then quickly transferred to the left leg, where, in like manner, the least touch properly applied divides the other tendon. We saw this cruel feat performed by the principal guasso on our host's estate, who was described as being the best rider, and the most expert man in that part of the country. The ground was very dry and dusty, so that, by the time he overtook the bullock he was in chace of, there was such a cloud raised by the animal's feet, that we could scarcely see what was doing. The guasso contrived, however, to cut both ham-strings, but his horse becoming confused, fell over the bullock, and we were in considerable alarm lest the man should be cut in two by his own weapon, or be transfixd by the beast's horns: but he never lost his self-possession, and having first flung the weapon high into the air, raised both himself and horse from the ground, and rode out of the cloud unhurt, and without ever having lost his seat.

"While this more serious business was going on, a parcel of mischievous boys had perched themselves on a pile of firewood close to the corral, and being each armed in his way, with a lasso made of a small strip of hide, or of whip-cord, had the first chance to noose the animals as they rushed out. They seldom failed to throw successfully, but their tender cords broke like cobwebs. One wicked urchin, however, more bold than the rest, mounted himself on a donkey that happened to be on the spot; and taking the lasso which belonged to it, for no description of animal that is ever mounted is without this essential equipment, and placing himself so as not to be detected by the

men, he threw it gallantly over the first bullock's neck; but as soon as it became tight, away flew the astonished donkey and his rider: the terrified boy soon tumbled off; but poor Neddy was dragged along the ground, till a more efficient force was made to co-operate with his unavailing resistance."

After witnessing these cruel scenes, the mind could hardly be attuned for contemplating the giant Andes. Yet Capt. H. gives at once a philosophical and poetical description of them—

"On the 26th of May we sailed from Valparaiso, and proceeded along the coast of Lima. During the greater part of this voyage the land was in sight, and we had many opportunities of seeing not only the Andes, but other interesting features of the country. The sky was sometimes covered by a low dark unbroken cloud, overshadowing the sea, and resting on the top of the high cliffs which guard the coast; so that the Andes, and, indeed, the whole country, except the immediate shore, were then screened from our view. But at some places this lofty range of cliffs was intersected by deep gullies, called quebradas, connected with extensive vallies stretching far into the interior. At these openings we were admitted to a view of regions, which, being beyond the limits of the clouds, and therefore exposed to the full blaze of the sun, formed a brilliant contrast to the darkness and gloom in which we were involved. As we sailed past, and looked through these mysterious breaks, it seemed as if the eye penetrated into another world; and had the darkness around us been more complete, the light beyond would have been equally resplendent with that of the full moon, to which every one was disposed to compare this most curious and surprising appearance.

"As the sun's rays were not, in this case reflected from a bright snowy surface, but from a dark-coloured sand, we are furnished, by analogy, with an answer to the difficulties sometime started, with respect to the probable dark nature of the soil composing the moon's surface."

**Traditions**  
OF THE  
**Western Highlands.**

No. V.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

ALLISTER CROTTACH.

**I**N the beginning of the 16th century, five of the Macleods, of Herries, returning from the Clyde with goods, were forced to take shelter in the island of Eigg, then and still the property of Macdonald of Claranald. A quarrel unfortunately arose between the Macleods and the natives, and one of the former lost his life. He was *Coalt*, or foster-brother to Macleod, and his death could not pass unnoticed. Satisfaction was demanded, but the terms could not be amicably adjusted, and recourse was ultimately had to the sword, as too frequently happened in those cases, when justice was deemed cowardice, and resistance of right passed for bravery.—The parties were very powerful, and not ill matched in strength and courage. They were supported on both sides by their relatives and allies. Maclean, of Duart, had long been connected by blood and marriage with the Herries family, and on this occasion he was called upon to support his friends. Maclean obeyed the call; and having ordered his vassals and followers to attend arrayed for war, he set out for Dunveggan, the residence of Macleod, accompanied by his force.

Claranald had intelligence of Maclean's intention, but he had been misinformed in regard to the time. He resolved on preventing the junction of the enemy's strength, and had determined on an expedition to the western extremity of Mull, with the view of occupying Maclean in his own country. Maclean's course was to the north; Claranald's to the south. On the point of Ardnamurchan the two fleets of Birlings, or Galleys, met. Claranald, who was celebrated for his stratagems as well as bravery, found that his antagonist was in greater force, and he instantly adopted a very extraordinary expedient.

He lay down on the bottom of his boat, and ordered a plaid of the family tartan to be spread over his body, as would have been done if he were lying dead. The pipers played the lament of the Claranalds, and black silk

handkerchiefs were instantly suspended from the bagpipes. Maclean immediately took it for granted that this was a funeral on the passage to Iona, and the emblems bespoke the rank and clan of the deceased. All hostile feelings at once subsided, and expressions of condolence were conveyed to the mourning followers of the brave but crafty Claranald. Maclean returned to Duart, and the pretended funeral proceeded to Icolmkill, which lies at the western extremity of Mull, then the property of Maclean. The next day, Maclean was informed that Claranald, in person, had ravaged and laid waste the district of Ross, in Mull. But Maclean's men had been disbanded, and could not be again speedily collected from the various islands which they inhabited, so that Claranald succeeded in his original intention.

The Macdonalds were however doomed to suffer severely for the rapine committed in Mull and the slaughter of Macleod's foster-brother. Soon thereafter, when Claranald was occupied in a distant island, Macleod invaded Eigg, and the inhabitants finding he was too powerful to be openly opposed in the field, unfortunately took refuge in a cave on the south side of the island. This was indeed an injudicious measure, as there were positions at their command where they would have been able to resist any force, and they paid dearly for their choice. Macleod finding the country deserted, concluded that the people had gone to the mainland, and after remaining but a short time in the island, he departed for Skye.

The people concealed in the cave had sent out a scout, at day-break, to reconnoitre, and he was espied by the Macleods, who were just sailing out of the bay. They returned, and traced the scout to the cave by the prints of his footsteps on the snow. A cousin of Claranald was within, and Macleod proposed that the two brothers who had slain his friend should be delivered up, as a preliminary to further steps. It unfortunately happened that these

bore the same connection with Macdonald which the deceased bore to Macleod, and this condition was imprudently refused.

A dreadful scene ensued. Macleod ordered all the combustible materials in the neighbourhood to be collected at the mouth of the cave, which forms a wide funnel without, but contracts into a very narrow space before it again opens to a very extensive arch within. The wind blew from the west, and Macleod prayed that it should shift to the east, if his intention was favoured by Providence. Tradition says that this impious appeal was propitious. The fire was kept up for three days, and the east wind blew the smoke into the cave. On the fourth day Macleod entered, and found that the people had

all perished by suffocation. They were 215 in number; and not many years since their skeletons were to be seen lying as they fell, there being no earth to cover or consume them.

Sometime thereafter the same Macleod was compelled by a storm to take refuge at Eigg, at night, and he pitched his tent near the shore, not daring to make himself known. The inhabitants who had removed there from the main land, soon discovered him, and made an attack on him. He ran for his boat, and in the act of entering it, one of the Macdonalds with a stick struck him a blow on the back, which broke some of the bones; and he was afterwards denominated *Allister Crot-tach*, or crook-backed Alexander.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, "THE LADY OF THE ROCK."

THE marriage of Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, to Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyle, in the 15th century, was not the first matrimonial alliance which had taken place between these two powerful families; neither was she offered as a sacrifice to quiet mutual feud, as there is no authority for saying that such had previously existed between them. Had Lady Elizabeth had a son, she would not have been the first of that illustrious house who had given a chief to the Macleans; but she was unfortunately childless, and from this proceeded the events which Holcroft and Miss Baillie have made a subject for the drama.

Maclean having no issue by the daughter of Argyle, became unfaithful to her bed, and had at least one child in adultery. He was named Patrick, and was abbot of Iona. The consequence was unhappy for both parties, and after many domestic broils, the lady attempted to administer poison to her husband in caudle, which he was in the habit of taking at night. A woman who was not in the secret, happened to swallow a portion of the poisoned draught, and her sudden illness created alarm. The remaining part was given to dogs, and their speedy death confirmed the suspicion. Lady Elizabeth was put on a rock to perish by the approaching tide, but her life was saved

by four brothers of the name of Maclean, who conveyed her to the main land. They never again returned to Mull, but assumed the name of Macinlerain, under which appellation many of their descendants are still to be found in Argyle and Craignesh.\*

Such is the story as preserved by tradition in the Hebrides, and it is in a great measure confirmed by other evidence. The probability is, that Maclean had given orders that his wife should be immediately drowned, the capital punishment which the feudal laws directed for women of a certain rank. It seems likely that the persons who were charged with the execution of the deed, had put her on the rock, either to avoid the horror of witnessing her death, or to favour her escape, as it is evident that this rock would never have been deliberately chosen for the fatal purpose, because it is in a very public situation, and is covered by the sea at spring tides only.

It is said that Maclean concealed the fate of his wife, and that soon after her pretended decease he made a visit of condolence to his father-in-law, in whose house, it is said, he was confronted with herself in person. It is hardly credible that Maclean would have voluntarily put himself in the power of

\* They take the name of Maclean generally in English.

a man whom he had so deeply injured, and conscious as he must have been that the truth was known to many; but if he did so, it appears still more strange that Argyle should not have given him cause to repent his base dissimulation. It is however unquestionably true that Maclean received no injury at that time from Argyle, his son, or any other; and it is equally certain that he was soon thereafter married to a daughter of Campbell, of Auchnanbreck, then the second family of that name, in power and splendour.

Argyle was chancellor of Scotland and justiciary of the Isles; and if Maclean had attempted to put his daughter to death without due cause, it was his duty as a parent, a magistrate, and a judge, to have brought him to trial, nor is it likely that he would have escaped condign punishment. This, however, was not done; but Maclean was afterwards murdered in his bed in Edinburgh, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, by the son of Argyle, denominated John of Lorne in the "Family Legend." It seems therefore reasonable to infer, that the conduct of Maclean to his Lady, harsh as it was, must have been considered justifiable in him as a feudal baron. John would never have forfeited his

own life to the law to avenge his sister's wrongs by the murder of Maclean, if he could have obtained his object by legal means; nor would the high-minded family of Auchnanbreck have condescended to an alliance with a man in disgrace. The opinion which the world entertained of Maclean's murder at the time, may be gathered from the following fragment of a ballad composed on that occasion, and quoted in a manuscript history of the Argyle family:

Fie, John, for shame! ye're sair to blame,  
Ye played an ugly prank o't,  
To steal so wily to his bed  
And prick him in his blanket.

Had ye sae thick been wi' auld Nick  
Afore ye gaed to Cawdor,  
Ye might return into your den,  
Without Morilla Calder.

This John was the first Campbell of Calder, and the last lines allude to the extraordinary manner in which he obtained possession of that heiress and her estate.\* This marriage is not mentioned in any printed account we have seen of the Argyle family, and the Lady is now denominated Helen.

\* The history of this abduction of the heiress of Cawdor was narrated in a former Number of these Traditions, in the story of *Morilla Calder*.

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

#### SPANISH AIR.\*

OH! sweet 'tis to wander beside the hush'd wave,  
When the breezes in twilight their pale pinions  
lave,  
And Echo repeats, from the depths of her cave,  
The song of the shepherd's returning!  
And sweet 'tis to sit, where the vintage festoon, my  
love,  
Lets in, like snow-flakes, the light of the moon, my  
love;  
And to the castanet  
Twinkle the merry feet,  
And beauty's dark eyes are burning, my love.

But sweeter the hour, when the star hides its gleam,  
And the moon in the waters hath bath'd her white  
beam,  
And the world and its woes are as still as a dream;  
For then, joy the midnight is winging:  
Then, comes to my window the sound of thy lute,  
my love,  
Come tender tales, when its thrillings are mute, my  
love:  
Oh, never morning smil'd  
On visions bright and wild,  
Such as that dark hour is bringing, my love!

#### ITALIAN AIR.

WHEN Eve's blue star is gleaming,  
When wakes the dewy breeze,  
When watch-tower lights are streaming,  
Along the misty seas;—  
Oh, then, my love! sigh to me,  
Thy roundelay!  
The night, when thou'rt nigh to me,  
Outshines the day.

\* From *Croly's new Comedy*.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

### COUNTRY CHURCH-YARDS.

**M**ANY are the idle tourists who have babbled of country church-yards—many are the able pens which have been employed on the same subjects. One in particular, in the delightful olio of the "Sketch-book" has traced a picture so true to nature, so beautifully simple and pathetic, that succeeding essayists might well despair of success in attempting similar descriptions, were not the theme, in fact, inexhaustible, a source of endless variety, a volume of instructive records, whereof those marked with least incident are yet replete with interest for that human being who stands alone amongst the quiet graves, musing on the mystery of his own existence, and on the past and present state of those poor relics of mortality which every where surround him, mouldering beneath his feet—mingling with the common soil—feeding the rank church-yard vegetation—once sentient like himself with vigorous life, subject to all the tumultuous passions that agitate his own heart, pregnant with a thousand busy schemes, elevated and depressed by alternate hopes and fears—liable, in a word, to all the pains, the pleasures, and "the ills, that flesh is heir to."

The leisurely traveller arriving at a country inn, with the intention of tarrying a day, an hour, or a yet shorter period, in the town or village, generally finds time to saunter towards the church, and even to loiter about the surrounding graves, as if his nature (solitary in the midst of the living crowd) claimed affinity, and sought communion, with the populous dust beneath his feet.

Such, at least, are the feelings with which I have often lingered in the church-yard of a strange place, and about the church itself—to which, indeed, in all places, and in all countries, the heart of the Christian pilgrim feels itself attracted as towards his very home, for there at least, though alone amongst strange people, he is no stranger: It is his father's house.

I am not sure that I heartily ap-

prove the custom, rare in this country, but frequent in many others—of planting flowers and flowering shrubs about the graves. I am quite sure that I hate all the sentimental mummary with which the far-famed burying-place of the Pere Elysée is garnished out. It is faithfully in keeping with Parisian taste, and perfectly in unison with French feeling; but I should wonder at the profound sympathy with which numbers of my own countrymen expatiate on that pleasure-ground of Death, if it were still possible to feel surprise at any instance of degenerate taste and perverted feeling in our travelled islanders—if it were not, too, the vulgarest thing in the world to wonder at any thing.

The custom, so general in Switzerland, and so common in our own principality of Wales, of strewing flowers over the graves of departed friends, either on the anniversaries of their deaths, or on other memorable days is touching and beautiful. Those frail blossoms scattered over the green sod, in their morning freshness, but for a little space retain their balmy odours, and their glowing tints, till the sun goes down, and the breeze of evening sighs over them, and the dews of night fall on their pale beauty, and the withered and fading wreath becomes a yet more appropriate tribute to the silent dust beneath. But rose-trees, in full bloom, and tall staring lilies, and flaunting lilacs, and pert spriggish spiraeas, are, methinks, ill in harmony with that holiness of perfect repose, which should pervade the last resting-place of mortality. Even in our own unsentimental England, I have seen two or three of these flower-pot graves. One in particular, I remember, had been planned and planted by a young disconsolate widow to the memory of her deceased partner. The tomb itself was a common square erection of freestone, covered over with a slab of black marble, on which, under the name, age, &c., of the defunct, was engraven an elaborate epitaph, commemorating his many virtues, and

pathetically intimating that, at no distant period, the vacant space remaining on the same marble would receive the name of "his inconsolable Eugenia." The tomb was hedged about by a basket-work of honeysuckles. A Persian lilac drooped over its foot; and at the head, (substituted for the elegant cypress, coy denizen of our ungenial clime,) a young poplar perked up its pyramidical form. Divers other shrubs and flowering plants completed the ring-fence, plentifully interspersed with "the fragrant weed, the Frenchman's darling," whose perfume, when I visited the spot, was wafted over the whole churchyard. It was then the full flush of summer. The garden had been planted but a month; but the lady had tended, and propped, and watered those gay strangers with her own delicate hands, ever more in the dusk of evening returning to her tender task, so that they had taken their removal kindly, and grew and flourished as carelessly round that cold marble, and in that field of graves, as they had done heretofore in their own sheltered nursery.

A year afterwards—a year almost to a day—I stood once more on that same spot, in the same month—"the leafy month of June." But—it was leafless there. The young poplar still stood sentinel in its former station, but dry, withered, and sticky, like an old broom at the mast-head of a vessel on sail. The parson's cow, and his half-score fatting wethers, had violated the sacred enclosure, and trodden down its flowery basket-work into the very soil. The plants and shrubs were nibbled down to miserable stumps, and from the sole survivor, the poor struggling lilac, a fat old waddling ewe had just cropped the last sickly flower-branch, and stood staring at me with a pathetic vacancy of countenance, the half-munched consecrated blossom dangling from her sacrilegious jaws. "And is it even so?" I half-articulated, with a sudden thrill of irrepressible emotion. "Poor widowed mourner! lovely Eugenia! Art thou already re-united to the object of thy faithful affection? And so lately! Not yet on that awaiting space of the cold marble have they

inscribed thy gentle name. And those fragile memorials! were there none to tend them for thy sake!" Such was my sentimental apostrophe; and the unwonted impulse so far incited me, that I actually pelted away the sheep from that last resting-place of faithful love, and reared against its side the trailing branches of the neglected lilac. Well satisfied with myself for the performance of this pious act, I turned from the spot in a mood of calm pleasing melancholy, that, by degrees, (while I yet lingered about the churchyard,) resolved itself into a train of poetic reverie, and I was already far advanced in a sort of elegiac tribute to the memory of that fair being, whose tender nature had sunk under the stroke "that rest her mutual heart," when the horrid interruption of a loud shrill whistle started me from my poetic vision, cruelly disarranging my beautiful combination of high-wrought, tender, pathetic feelings, which were flowing naturally into verse, as from the very fount of Helicon. Lifting my eyes toward the vulgar cause of this vulgar disturbance, the cow-boy, (for it was he "who whistled as he went, for want of thought") nodded to me his rustic apology for a bow, and passed on towards the very tomb I had just quitted, near which his milky charge, the old brindled cow, still munched on, avaricious of the last mouthful. If the clown's obstreperous mirth had before broken in on my mood of inspiration, its last delicate glow was utterly dispelled by the uncouth vociferation, and rude expletives, with which he proceeded to dislodge the persevering animal from her rich pasture-ground. Insensible alike to his remonstrances, his threats, or his tender persuasions—to his "Whoy! whoy! old girl! Whoy, Blossom! whoy, my lady!—I say, come up, do; come up, ye plaguey baste!" Blossom continued to munch and ruminate with the most imperturbable calmness—backing and sideling, away, however, as her pursuer made nearer advances, and ever and anon looking up at him with most provoking assurance, as if to calculate how many tufts she might venture to

pull before he got fairly in reach of her. And so, retrograding and manœuvring, she at last intrenched herself behind the identical tombstone beside which I had stood so late in solemn contemplation. Here—the cowboy's patience being completely exhausted—with the intention of switching old Blossom from her last stronghold, he caught up, and began tearing from the earth, that one long straggling stem of lilac which I had endeavoured to replace in somewhat of its former position. "Hold! hold!" I cried, springing forward with the vehement gesture of impassioned feeling—"Have you no respect for the ashes of the dead? Dare you thus violate with sacrilegious hands the last sad sanctuary of faithful love?" The boy stood like one petrified, stared at me for a moment, with a look of indescribable perplexity, then screwing up one corner of his mouth almost into contact with the corresponding corner of one crinkled-up eye—at the same time shoving up his old ragged hat, and scratching his curly pate; and having, as I suppose, by the help of that operation, construed my vehement address into the language of inquiry, he set himself very methodically about satisfying my curiosity on every point wherever he conceived it possible I might have interrogated him—taking his cue, with some ingenuity from the one word of my oration, which was familiar to his ear—"Dead! Ees, Squoire been dead twelve months last Whitsuntide; and thick be his'n moniment, an' madam was married last week to our measter, and thick be our cow—"

Oh, Reader!

Is it to be wondered at, that, since that adventure, I have never been disposed to look with an *un-glistening*, and even cynical eye, on those same flower-pot graves? Nay, that, at sight of them, I feel an extraordinary degree of hard-heartedness stealing over me? I cannot quit the subject without offering a word or two of well-meant advice to all disconsolate survivors—widows more especially—as to the expediency or non-expediency of indulging this flowery grief. Possibly, were I to obey the dictates of my own tastes and feelings, I should say, "Be content with a simple record—perhaps a scriptural sentence, on a plain headstone. Suffer not the inscription to become defaced and illegible, nor rank weeds to wave over it; and smooth be the turf of the green hillock! But if—to use a French phrase—*Il faut afficher ses regrets*—if there *must* be effect, sentimentalities, prettinesses, urns, flowers—not only a few scattered blossoms, but a regular planted border, like the garnish of a plateau;—then, let me beseech you, fair inconsolables! be cautious in your proceedings—Temper with discreet foresight (if that be possible,) the first agonizing burst of sensibility—Take the counsels of sage experience—Temporise with the as yet unascertained nature of your own feelings—Proclaim not those vegetable vows of eternal fidelity—Refrain, at least from the trowel and the spade—Dig not—plant not—For one year only—for the *first* year, at least—For one year only, I beseech you—sow annuals.

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TRIO. *From Croly's new Comedy.*

(Blackwood's Mag.)

TELL us, thou glorious Star of eve!

What sees thine eye?

Wherever human hearts can heave,

Man's misery!

Life, but a lengthened chain;

Youth, weary, wild, and vain;

Age on a bed of pain,

Longing to die!

Yet there's a rest!

Where earthly agonies

Awake no sighs

In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve!

Sees not thine eye

Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,

In thine own sky?

Where all Life's wrongs are o'er,

Where anguish weeps no more,

Where injur'd Spirits soar,

Never to die!

(Eclectic Review.)

## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S FRIEND, AND CLIMBING-BOY'S ALBUM.

ARRANGED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WE willingly lend our utmost aid to promote, through the medium of this interesting and affecting collection of documents, the cause which Mr. Montgomery has done himself so much honour by taking up with all his energy. The second part consists of pieces in prose and verse, furnished for the 'Climbing Boy's Album.' As the attraction of the volume will greatly depend on this part of the work, we subjoin a list of the contributors: James Montgomery, Bernard Barton, Henry Neele, Allan Cunningham, P.M. James, J. Bowring, J.H. Wiffen, John Holland, Ann Gilbert, Mrs. Hofland, J. Cobbin, W. L. Bowles, &c.

The following lines would have formed no appropriate introduction to the work.

## 'THE CLIMBING BOY'S ALBUM.

'Gentle reader! if to thee  
Mercy's dictates sacred be,  
If thy breast with Pity glow,  
For the meanest sufferer's woe,  
Let our Album's humble page  
For *their* sake thy heart engage;  
For *thine own* despise us not,  
While we plead the outcast's lot.  
Mercy's votaries here below  
Shall, hereafter, Mercy know.

'In this age of Albums, we  
Fain would offer ours to thee:  
If it be not fraught with lays  
Worthy of a critic's praise,  
If no richly tinted flowers  
Decorate this tome of ours,  
If it fail in rich array,  
Splendid clasp or binding gay;  
Turn not from our page as one  
Which the feeling heart would shun.

'Beauty's Album may present  
More of tasteful compliment,  
Flowers, and shells, and landscapes fair,  
May unite to charm thee there;  
Here a cheek's vermillion dye,  
There the lustre of an eye;  
Here a cottage in a grove,  
There a fountain or alcove;  
All, in truth, that can invite  
Passing glance of brief delight.  
Toys like these we may not show,  
For our theme is fraught with woe:

And the graver's mimic skill  
Finds it—leaves it—wretched still:  
Never could the painter's art  
To the eye its griefs impart  
Nor can artful prose or verse  
Half its miseries rehearse;—  
Heads that think and hearts that feel  
Only can our book unseal.

'Fathers! unto you we speak;  
Mothers! your support we seek;  
Britons! holding freedom dear,  
Abject slavery greets you here;  
Home-bred slavery!—dire disgrace!  
Borne by childhood's helpless race;  
Friendless outcasts of our laws,  
Having none to plead their cause,  
Save the people, struggling few  
Who solicit aid from you.

'Christians! of each sect and name,  
You who feel the awful claim  
Of our high and holy creed,  
Suffer us with you to plead.  
May we not, in truth, *command*  
*Your assistance, heart and hand?*  
Join, then, in this work of love,  
For His sake who reigns above,  
Nor be sympathy denied  
Unto those for whom He died.'

Bernard Barton.

We know not how to characterize the song given from Blake's "Songs of Innocence." It is wild and strange like the singing of a "maid in Bedlam in the spring;" but it is the madness of genius.

## 'THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

'When my Mother died, I was very young,  
And my Father sold me, while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry, Weep! weep! weep!  
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

'There's little Tom Toddy, who cried when his head,  
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I  
said,  
"Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when your head's  
bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white  
hair."

'And so he was quiet, and that very night,  
As Tom was asleeping, he had such a sight  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and  
Jack,  
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins so black.

' And by came an angel, who had a bright key,  
And he open'd the coffins, and set them all free !  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they  
run,  
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.  
' Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;  
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his Father, and never want joy.  
' And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and our brushes to work ;  
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and  
warm,  
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.'

The pen of the Editor has supplied  
the following touching little poem.

#### ' A WORD WITH MYSELF.

' I know they scorn the Climbing-Boy,  
The gay, the selfish, and the proud ;  
I know his villanous employ  
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.  
' So be it ;—brand with every name  
Of burning infamy his art,  
But let his *Country* bear the shame,  
And feel the iron at her heart.  
' I cannot coldly pass him by,  
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half-dead ;  
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie  
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.  
' A frame as sensitive as mine,  
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,  
A soul degraded, yet divine,  
Endear to me my brother-worm.

' He was my equal at his birth,  
A naked, helpless, weeping child ;  
And such are born to thrones on earth,  
On such hath every mother smil'd.

' My equal he will be again,  
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,  
Where all the prostrate ranks of men  
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

' My equal in the judgment day,  
He shall stand up before the throne,  
When every veil is rent away,  
And good and evil only known.

' And is he not mine equal now ?  
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,  
Though " Wretch " be written on his brow,  
And leprosy consume his youth ?

' If holy Nature yet have laws  
Binding on man, of woman born,  
In her own court I'll plead his cause,  
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

' Yes, let the scorn that haunts his course,  
Turn on me like a trodden snake,  
And hiss and sting me with remorse,  
If I the fatherless forsake.'

*J. Montgomery.*

With regard to that long neglected  
and injured class of infant bondsmen  
for whom this volume eloquently pleads,  
these English negroes, we were going to  
call them, there is no possibility of re-  
maining neutral. But as it is not our  
wish to exhaust by our extracts the inter-  
est and novelty of the work, we re-  
frain from making any other citations,  
but cordially recommend the volume.

(Mon. Mag.)

#### THE SINGING MARINER.

*From the Spanish.*

WHO will ever have again,  
On the land or on the main,  
Such a chance as happen'd to  
Count Arnaldos long ago.  
With his falcon in his hand,  
Forth he went along the strand,  
There he saw a galley gay,  
Briskly bearing for the bay ;  
Ask me not her name and trade,—  
All the sails of silk were made :  
He who steer'd the ship along  
Rais'd his voice, and sung a song ;  
Sung a song, whose magic force  
Calm'd the breaker in its course ;  
While the fishes sore amaz'd  
Left their holes, and upward gaz'd ;  
And the fowl came flocking fast  
Round the summit of the mast ;

Still he sung to wind and wave,  
" God preserve my vessel brave ;  
" Guard her from the rocks that grow  
'Mid the sullen deep below ;  
From the gust and from the breeze,  
Sweeping through Gibtarek's seas ;  
" From the gulf of Venice too,  
With its shoals and waters blue ;  
Where the mermaid chants her hymn,  
Borne upon the billow's brim."  
Forward stept Arnaldos bold,  
Thus he spoke, as I am told,  
" Learn me, sailor, I entreat,  
Yonder song that sounds so sweet."  
But the sailor shook his head,  
Shook it thrice, and briefly said,  
" Never will I teach the strain  
But to him who ploughs the main."

## FLEET-STREET BIOGRAPHY.\*

(Lon. Mag.)

STERNE said, he pitied the man who could travel from Dan to Beer-sheba, and find all barren ; he might have extended his pity a little further, and have expressed his willingness to bestow it on him who could take his place for life in any given spot "in this varsal world," and not find ample materials for history around him. Every keeper of an apple-stall might unstore his "fruits of experience," if he chose to abandon the pippins for the pen, during a brief hour or two ;—and each sweeper at a crossing might give a trifle to the world, if he did not generally know that the besom was more profitable than the book. That worthy walking advertisement of Warren, who stands hat in hand, at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, taking a constant toll from those who venerate clean shoes and black faces, could and should bequeath "the fruits of experience" to mankind. With his knowledge of, and intercourse with, his fellow creatures, he would manage a brace of quartos as big as Parry's Pole Books, or those of Westminster in the severest election days. The world passes on before him, and he, with his back against the obelisk, remains a calm looker on !—He angles in that thick and endless stream for any thing he can catch, and all fish are welcome to his beaver net !—Of course, angler like, the sport cannot be carried on without meditation,—and why, we earnestly ask, should the fruit of this meditation be lost ? We have had our attention more particularly attracted to this flower, born to blush unseen—this gem, of purest ray serene !—because a neighbour of Mr. Waithman and this sable philosopher, with an industry highly honourable to him, has, in his 80th year, written about to the right and left of him, and given us a faithful and energetic history of Poppin's-court, Ludgate-hill, up as far as Blade's glass-shop, Whipham's a little above Bouverie-street, and the people and places within the rules of decency and St. Bride's parish. This is History

in its night-gown and slippers—History near-sighted, sitting by the fire and pottering over domestic intelligence with magnifying glasses. We love this unpresuming conduct in Old Memorialists ! Why should kings and countries only have their Records ?—May not the city be allowed one, and not merely for Old Bailey purposes ? There are the Gibbons, the Humes, the Robertsons, for big History in its feathers and finery ; but the time is come, when, as the clergyman says, "Pride shall have a fall !"—and therefore the Brasbridges arise for little History in her deshable moments. There is room in the world for tiny Miss Biffin as well as the Swiss giantess !—Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, a few doors round Bridge-street, and the forehead of Fleet-market are now written down for ever ! and we only intreat that the author will go on with his good work, and do St. Dunstan's with as little delay as possible !—Wright's Shrimp and Oyster-shop, and Richardson's Hotel, and the Cock, and Mr. Utterson's fishing-tackle-shop, will become a cluster of Solomon's Temples under bright Mr. Brasbridge's hand.

But to the Fleet-street volume. Our historian thus opens his book, and we think it is in a style which should tempt the public to follow his example.

"Better late than never" is an old adage, the truth of which I hope to exemplify in the course of the following pages. It has been said that the life of any individual whatsoever, would, if fairly and impartially narrated, afford abundant materials for instruction ; and I am willing to hope that mine will be found equally productive of warning to the dissipated, and of encouragement to the industrious ; for whilst I honestly confess, that at one period of it I might but too justly be classed with the former, I may likewise reasonably hope, that at another I might as fairly rank with the latter.

I began business as a silversmith, towards the latter end of the year 1770, in partnership with Mr. Slade, an honest, worthy man, whose brother-in-law I became in June 1771, having the good fortune to obtain the hand of his sister, a most lovely and amiable woman, with a portion of two

\* The Fruits of Experience ; or Memoir of Joseph Brasbridge. Written in his 80th year. 1824.

thousand pounds. The strictest friendship subsisted between our two families, and my domestic happiness seemed to have no room for increase, excepting what might be brought by children, to whom we naturally looked forward as the seal of our felicity. But alas! when this blessing, for some years delayed, did at length arrive, it was in the form of the heaviest calamity. My dear wife was safely brought to bed on the 19th of May, 1776, and appeared to be recovering extremely well; but on the tenth day afterwards, whilst sitting in her chair, she leaned back her gentle head, and died in a moment. My poor infant was put out to nurse, but the woman who took him having at the same time a child of her own at the breast, most unjustly neglected him, and laid the foundation of a sickly habit, which deprived me of him in his ninth year, to my inexpressible sorrow.

Thus left a widower, and childless, I unhappily sought that relief in dissipation, which would have been better found in better means. Charles Bannister was one of my associates, and it will be readily believed, that no deficiency of wit or hilarity was found in parties over which he presided. "You will ruin your constitution," said a friend to him, "by sitting up in this manner at nights."—"Oh," replied he, "you do not know the nature of my constitution; I sit up at night to watch it, and keep it in repair, whilst you are sleeping carelessly in your bed."

Beginning the world under the auspices of old Charles Bannister was not very likely to help a silversmith on in trade; and we are soon put upon the scent of a bankruptcy. First, however, he introduces us to Mr. Tattersall, with whom he became acquainted as a member of the Highflyer Club at the Turf Coffee-House. Mr. Brasbridge is invited to Highflyer Hall, and thither he goes in company with "Thomas Smith, of Bridge-street, brandy-merchant," and Mr. Fozzard, "the great stable-keeper!"

At the club, Whitfield was a social soul,—the comedian, whom Goldsmith mentioned also, and at whom, therefore, fame now may be said to shoot with a double-barrelled gun! He had an unbounded attachment for the T. B. facetiously translated "*T'other Bottle*," by our biographer. Colburn too, of the Treasury, was a member, and "Bob Tetherington, as merry a fellow as ever sat in a chair," and "Dear Owen," the confectioner, who, like other wags, wrote his own songs, and sang them agreeably. The reflection of Mr. Bras-

bridge at the death of all these inestimable spirits takes the following pensive turn.

Yet so it is! we all desire long life, yet we all know that it must be held by the tenure of seeing those whom we most love drop into the grave before us. "The loss of our friends," said his late Majesty, on the death of one of his brothers, "is the fine which nature levies upon our own lengthened days." If, then, it be in the order of nature, let us submit to her decrees without repining; and if the morning of our life be gilded with hope, let not the mild beams of resignation be wanting to cheer its evening.

Lord Mansfield figures away in a page of our history.

The next time I saw Lord Mansfield was on the trial of Mrs. Rudd, an enchantress whose charms, so fatal to the unfortunate Perreaus, seemed to inspire his Lordship with fresh eloquence, and the liveliest zeal in her behalf. She was, indeed, the very head of that fascinating and dangerous class of women of whom it may be said,

If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look in her face, and you forget them all.

Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and, whenever he had old men to examine, he generally asked them what their habits of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. "See, gentlemen," said his Lordship, turning to the young barristers, "what temperance will do." The next, of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself, he had not gone to bed sober one night for fifty years. "See, my Lord," said the young barristers, "what a cheerful glass will do." "Well, gentlemen," replied his Lordship, "it only proves, that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry."

Mr. Brasbridge was a great member of clubs. He haunted the Crown and Rolls, in Chancery-lane, and trumped the tricks of Ramsbottom, the brewer, and of Russell, who ruined himself by the lottery; he sat, too, at the Globe, in Fleet-street, where "Mr. P., the surgeon, was a constant man," and Archibald Hamilton, the Printer, and "Thomas Carnan, the bookseller, who brought an action against the Stationer's Company for printing almanacks, and won his cause!" And Dunstall, the comedian, famous for "I'm not such an elf," in *Love in a Village*: and Macklin, too, of whom we have the following characteristic and amusing anecdote.

The veteran Macklin, when the company were disputing on the mode of spelling the name of Shakespeare, was referred to by Billy Upton, a good-tempered fellow, with a remarkably gruff voice, the loudest tones of which he put forth as he observed, "There is a gentleman present who can set us to rights:" then turning to Macklin, he said, "Pray, Sir, is it *Shakespeare*, or *Shaksper*?" "Sir," said Macklin, "I never give any reply to a thunder-bolt."

Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, and William Woodfall, the reporter, were also Globe boys! Brasbridge smartly says, in conclusion, "The Globe was kept by deputy Thorpe, and truly it might be said that he kept it, for it did not keep him."

The following anecdote of Dr. Glover is not unamusing; it almost takes the romance out of Frankenstein.

Another of our company, whose social qualities were his ruin, was Dr. Glover; he was surgeon to a regiment in Ireland, and rendered a man, who was hung in Dublin, the doubtful favour of restoring him to life; he found it was, at any rate, no favour to himself, for the fellow was a plague to him ever afterwards, constantly begging of him, and always telling him, when the Doctor was angry with him for it, that, as his honour had brought him into the world again, he was bound to support him.

John Morgan too, was a Globe spirit, "a man universally known and esteemed," with whom we are quite unacquainted. He was, it appears, a great wit in the neighbourhood of Shoe-lane.

Morgan, was, without exception, the best companion I ever knew. One night in particular, he was so irresistibly droll, that Mr. Woodmason, the stock-broker, presented the ludicrous spectacle of a man of six feet high rolling about on the floor with his arms a-kimbo, to keep himself together, as he said, for that he was certain otherwise he should break a blood vessel, that fellow Morgan made him laugh so much. I was to Morgan what Sir Watkin Lewes was to Wilkes, when he complained that Wilkes made a butt of him; "True," said Wilkes, "still it's only a waste butt."

There was a sixpenny card club at the Queen's Arms too; at which Mr. Brasbridge and nineteen other choice spirits joked and revoked incessantly. Goodwin was one—Goodwin, the woolen-draper, who invariably exclaimed, when he came down stairs of a morning, "Good morrow, Mr. Shop. You'll take care of me, Mr. Shop, and I'll take care of you!"

The Cider Cellar too, boasted of Mr. Brasbridge's company.—In truth, he seems to have diligently attended to the *signs* of the times. Mr. Brasbridge speaks of our Elia, as the historian of the Cider-Cellar, the only fact in the volume, we believe, which is built on a sandy foundation.

The "Free and Easy under the Rose" was another society to which I belonged. It was founded sixty years ago at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and was afterwards removed to the Horn-tavern. It was originally kept by Bates, who was never so happy as when standing behind a chair with a napkin under his arm; but arriving at the dignity of Alderman, tucking in the calipash and calipee himself, instead of handing it round to the company, soon did his business. My excellent friend Crickett, the marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, was President of this society for many years, and I was constantly in attendance as his Vice. It consisted of some thousand members, and I never heard of any one of them that ever incurred any serious punishment. Our great fault was sitting too late; in this respect, according to the principle of Franklin, that "time is money," we were indeed most unwary spendthrifts; in other instances our conduct was orderly and correct. I cannot say so much for the company that frequented the Spread Eagle, in the Strand, a house famous for the resort of young men after the theatre. Shorter, the landlord, facetiously observed, that his was a very uncommon set of customers, for what with hanging, drowning, and natural deaths, he had a change every six months.

One of our members, Mr. Hawkins, a spatterdash maker, of Chancery-lane, was remarkable for murdering the king's English. Having staid away for some days in consequence of a fit of illness, one of his friends asked him the cause of his absence; he said he had been an *individual* some time, meaning an invalid. In giving an account of the troops landing from America, after long absence and perilous service, he said they were so rejoiced, that they *prostituted* themselves on the earth; the person, to whom he was relating it, observed, that they had been *manured* to hardships; "Yes, indeed they had," said Mr. Hawkins, "and that was the reason they were so much affected." Mr. Hawkins was, nevertheless, a very good man, as well as a good spatterdash maker; and the name of Equity Hawkins, which we gave him on account of his living in Chancery-lane, might have been applied to him, with equal truth, on account of his own integrity.

The following anecdote is a warning to all lovers of monumental glory.

Mr. Darwin was one of the churchwardens of St. Mildred's. A gentleman,

who had formerly lived in the parish, and whose wife was buried in the churchyard, afterwards went into a distant country, and erected a superb mausoleum upon his estate; the first dedication of which, he wished to be to the remains of his wife. Accordingly he wrote to the churchwardens; and a proper deputation of gravediggers, with the sexton, and Mr. Darwin at their head, descended into the vaults to search for the coffin of the defunct. When they found it, however, it was in such a state that it could not be moved; they therefore contented themselves with transferring the plate, stating the name, age, and period of decease, to its next neighbour, a respectable old gentleman, who most likely little dreamed in his life-time, that his clay would finally rest beneath a superb mausoleum, and have all the honours paid to it that were intended by the owner for his departed wife. When the removal was completed, Darwin remarked, that they had had a very disagreeable job, and it would require a good dinner to get them over it, which they accordingly had.

We have not omitted a single joke of Mr. Brasbridge's yet we believe. The following is extremely *piquant*.

Darwin was very intimate with Mr. Fig-gins, a wax-chandler in the Poultry, who was also a member of the "Free and Easy." They almost always entered the room together, and, from the inseparable nature of their friendship, I gave them the names of Liver and Gizzard; and they were ever afterwards called the Liver and Gizzard of the Common Council.

Miss Boydell is commemorated—and the compliment to her beauty is *well-timed*.

I should be wanting in my habitual reverence for the fair sex, did I not take this opportunity of acknowledging the attractions and graces possessed by Miss Boydell at this time.

Mr. Brasbridge now "returns to his shop." He is persuaded to take stock. He finds that a young man of the name of Ashforth has abused the trust reposed in him, and, in short, ruin in due time follows. He becomes bankrupt, and Mr. Blades, the glass-man, Mr. Eley, the spoon-maker, and Mr. Hoare, of Cheapside, are appointed assignees. All the assignees are his enemies; in this Mr. Brasbridge resembles the man who always met with twelve stubborn men on a jury! The house and business in Fleet-street are sold under the commission, and Mr. Smith—luckless Mr. Smith! becomes the purchaser. Mr. Smith prints up his name with "*late Brasbridge*," (who got the name

by his club-hours!) and Brasbridge got into a neighbouring shop, and started his opposition gravy-spoons and punch-ladles.

After my name had been set up in this doubtful conjunction with Smith for about five years, his house was repainted, and I, thinking I had a right to use my own name as I pleased, begged leave to run up the painter's ladder, when he descended, and efface it with a broom. Upon this, Mr. Smith sallied forth to seize the instrument of destruction to his ingenious device. I, thinking that I had been robbed enough already, held it stoutly with one hand, and advanced the other so near Mr. Smith's face, that he ran back into his shop, and took refuge behind the counter; I conjured him by the honour of an Englishman, to come as far as the threshold; but he stuck close to his counter until he was reinforced by his journeyman and porter; and then, finding myself likely to be overpowered by numbers, I also, like a prudent general, thought fit to secure a retreat. The next day he got the name painted more conspicuously than ever, and modestly sent the painter to me with his bill for so doing. On my refusing to pay it, he summoned me to the Court of Conscience, and, in explaining the matter to the commissioners, he told them that my name stunk in the parish of St. Bride's; they remarked, that he seemed very fond of stinking fish, and advised him to go home and mend his own manners: he had accordingly the pleasure of paying the expenses attendant on the proceedings, and returned home to meditate on his impotent malice.

The following is really interesting, and ought never to have been written before, Mr. Brasbridge has written it so well.

Sir Thomas Halifax was a most excellent chief magistrate; one instance, in particular, of his impartiality and firmness, when he was Lord Mayor, I witnessed myself with respect to Dr. Dodd. The unfortunate delinquent was brought before him, and was standing in a room crowded with spectators, when Lord Chesterfield sent up his name to the Lord Mayor, and requested a private interview. Sir Thomas, with manly and becoming spirit, sent his compliments to his Lordship, and informed him, that, the business he was come upon being of a public nature, he could not possibly hear it in private, every person present having as much right as himself to be made acquainted with it. The sight of Doctor Dodd upon his knees, imploring the mercy of Lord Chesterfield, moved every one but the polished statue to whom he addressed himself; in vain he reminded him of the cares he had lavished upon his infancy, and entreated his forgiveness of a fault, which, at the very moment he committed it, he meant to make amends for;

in vain he implored him to save his character and his life by withdrawing his prosecution: this flinty-hearted young nobleman, then only just arrived at man's estate, a period of life when all the finest feelings are generally too acutely awake, and prudence and self-interest scarcely yet roused, could, unmoved, behold his old preceptor kneeling at his feet, and could coldly turn from him, leaving him to all the misery of despair and anticipated disgrace. Had the sympathy of the whole assembly been of any avail against his Lordship's cruelty, the unfortunate man would have been spared to benefit society by the edifying example of a repentant sinner, instead of being offered up as a victim to public justice, a shrine at which so many sacrifices are annually made, apparently without producing either warning or amendment. A very different spirit possessed Mr. Manby of the Temple, when Doctor Dodd was brought before him. Significantly showing the bond to the Doctor, he laid it on the table, and went and looked out of the window; but the Doctor had not the presence of mind to seize the opportunity thus afforded him of destroying it. I think in such a case I should have gone one step farther than Mr. Manby: I should have warned the Doctor *not* to put the bond into the fire, when my back was turned, as I should then have no evidence against him.

The next, a good joke, is neat but abstruse.

Col. Dillon seemed formed by nature for the command of an army. He was six feet high, singularly handsome, and combined in his manner all the spirit of a soldier with the gallantry of a courtier. One day, in helping the beautiful Marie Antoinette on horseback, he fixed his eyes intently on her green slippers; she laughingly asked him why he noticed them; "Because," said he, "they are so appropriate to the wearer, who has all the world at her feet."

In 1780, Mr. Brasbridge took up arms against the rioters. Kennet, the Lord Mayor, of course comes in for a page or two.

Mr. Kennet had begun life as a waiter, and his manners never rose above his original station. When he was summoned to be examined in the House, one of the members wittily observed, "If you ring the bell, Mr. Kennet will come of course." His excuse for his behaviour was, that being attacked both before and behind, he was seized with a fit of *temerity*, which made him not know what he was about. One evening at the Alderman's Club, he was at the whist-table; and Mr. Alderman Pugh, a dealer in soap, and an extremely good-natured man, was at his elbow, smoking his pipe. "Ring the bell, Soap-suds," said Mr. Kennet, in his coarse way. "Ring it your-

self, Bar," replied the Alderman, "you have been twice as much used to it as I have." Mr. Pugh was another of the instances of successful industry with which our metropolis abounds. He originally came to town in the humble capacity of drawer and porter at the Hoop and Bunch of Grapes, in Hatton Garden. He then went to live with Alderman Benn, to take care of his horse and cart; and for his good conduct was admitted as under clerk in the counting-house; and, being a married man, his master augmented his salary, in the sum of ten pounds, on the birth of every child. He was afterwards taken into partnership, &c.

The day of the King going to St. Paul's is a great day with the historian, and the following anecdote of the then Prince of Wales is rather drily related.

My chiefest ornament was Mrs. Aylmer, the wife of a captain in the royal navy; whose perfect beauty of features and graceful symmetry of form attracted the notice of our present beloved monarch, at that time Prince of Wales; as he looked up to the windows, and gazed on her with all the admiration which not his bitterest enemies could ever accuse him of withholding from the fair sex.

Brasbridge is a famous anecdotist.

When the Talents came into power, they turned out every body that they could, even Lord Sandwich, the Master of the Stag Hounds. The King met his Lordship in his ride soon after. "How do, how do," cried his Majesty; "so they have turned you off; it was not my fault, upon my honour, for it was as much as I could do to keep my own place."

The volume now approaches its end.

It is the consolation of growing old to talk of what we can remember when we were young. I recollect the first broad-wheeled waggon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England excepting two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also quite a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep, in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running all aghast, to say, that a frightful monster with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village, at such a rate that he could scarcely keep before it.

We extract the following for the benefit of several of our readers; aye, and writers too, mayhap!

I must now take the privilege of an old man, to caution my young readers against falling into the practice of smoking, the idlest of all amusements, and the stupidest of all kinds of intoxication. I have heard

indeed an excuse alleged for it, by an old smoker, that it is good for the memory ; and as a proof of it, the advocate remarked, that if a man be ever so drunk, he is reminded by it to drink again.

This little book is thus concluded.

I drink nothing but table ale with my dinner, having taken the same dislike to

wine that Reynard did to the grapes, and when the cloth is taken away, my kind and worthy wife plays at cribbage with me, that I may not miss the circling glass, or

Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,  
And creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Eclectic Review, June.)

### A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY J. CONDER.

'BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea  
Above that dome of sky,  
Further than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high :  
Yet, dear the awful thought to me,  
That thou, my God, art nigh :—

' Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind  
Feels after Thee in vain,  
Thee in these works of power to find,  
Or to Thy seat attain.  
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,  
Thy path, the trackless main—

'These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;  
They thunder forth thy praise,  
The glorious honour of thy name,

The wonders of Thy ways :  
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,  
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

' We hear thy voice, when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air.  
The waves obey Thy dread control;  
Yet still thou art not there.  
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,  
Who yet is every where ?

' Oh, not in circling depth, or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veil'd from sight,  
There does His Spirit rest.  
O come, thou Presence Infinite,  
And make thy creature blest.'

(The same.)

### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY J. CONDER.

' O wondrous bird ! thy varied measure,  
The very soul of pleasure,  
Who but an unblest lover could  
Have fancied set in minor mood ?  
Who but the votary of folly  
Have call'd it melancholy ?

' To me that song denotes no less  
Than mirth and inborn happiness,  
That dreams the peaceful night away  
In living o'er the joys of day.  
To me it a long tale unravels,  
Of airy voyages, Persian travels,  
Gay pranks in summer's fairest bowers,  
And broken hearts among the flowers ;  
And then of England's landscape mild,  
Spring's virgin beauties undefiled,  
Her violet-banks, her blue-bell glades,  
Her daisied meads, her greenwood shades,  
The hedge-rows where the May is blooming,  
With tenderest scent the air perfuming,  
The stream through richest pastures wind-  
ing,

And tender corn,—of these reminding,  
It seems to speak of all to me  
In vocal poetry.

' And but that mortal men must sleep,  
Pleased I my station here could keep  
The live-long night, a list'ning to thy tale.  
But ever wakeful nightingale,  
When dost thou suspend thy numbers,  
And yield to quiet slumbers ?  
The lark, beyond his usual hours,  
Contending with thee from the sky,  
Seems exerting all his powers,  
Singing of corn, and thou of flowers—  
Thou beneath, and he on high,  
A fugue of wondrous melody.  
Thou'lt sing him down, and he so quiet  
Under the wheat, in lowly nest,  
Will marvel at thy tuneful riot,  
Breaking his gentle partner's rest.  
But when his matin-bell he springs  
At earliest dawn, untired thy skill,  
While his loud orisons he sings,  
He'll hear thee at thy vespers still.'

SKETCHES OF THE FIVE AMERICAN PRESIDENTS,  
AND OF  
THE FIVE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

From the Memoranda of a Traveller.

**I**T is a great mistake to suppose that the policy of the American government will not be materially influenced by the character of the next President. All nations are more or less determined in their course of dealing, at home and abroad, by the moral and intellectual character of their chief magistrates, whatever may be their title, rank, or authority. The Americans always have been so, and always will be so, whatever they may imagine to the contrary.

A bird's-eye view of the successive administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Munroe, will establish this proposition in part; and, as we are justified in expecting like effects from like causes, and that what has been will be again, if the first part of the proposition be established, the latter will seem to be a legitimate inference.

I have no disposition to meddle with the domestic economy of nations; nor with what is considered the tea-table politics of any country; but it is pleasant to observe the influences of both upon the great human family, and to show ourselves wiser than our neighbours, in tracing any effect to a cause that has been perpetually overlooked by other men.

This is one of those cases. The character of the American government, from the day of its first organization, has been little else than the character of the man highest in office for the time. And yet the politicians of Europe would tell us, that it is a matter of no moment to the world, whether Mr. A, B, C, or D, is to become the next President of the United States; and the Americans, themselves, have never suspected, and never will admit, that the character of their chief executive officer is, in reality, the character of the government.

For my own part, I do not scruple to say, that I could tell under whose administration any important law had passed, or any important treaty had been entered into by the American people, on hearing it read for the first time, although the date were not men-

tioned, solely from my knowledge of the five individuals, who have been five successive Presidents.

WASHINGTON, the first President, made the government like himself, cautious, uniform, simple and substantial, without show or parade. While he presided, nothing was done for effect—every thing from principle. There was no vapouring and no chivalry about it. Whatever was done or said, was done or said with great deliberation, and profound seriousness.

Mr. ADAMS was the second President. He was quite another sort of man. He was more dictatorial, more adventurous; and, perhaps, more of a statesman. But look to the record of his administration, and you find the natural temper of the man distinctly visible in all the operations of the government, up to the very moment when he overthrew himself and his whole party by his hazardous political movements.

The cautious neutrality of Washington, which obtained for him, in the cabinet, what had already been awarded to him in the field—the title of the American Fabius—was abandoned, by Mr. Adams, for a more bold and presumptuous aspect, bearing and attitude. The quiet dignity and august plainness of the former, was put aside for something more absolute and regal. The continuance of the American government under Washington, throughout all its foreign negotiations, and domestic administration, was erect and natural, very strong, simple and grave. But, under Mr. Adams, although it appeared loftier and more imposing, and attracted more attention, it had a sort of theatrical look, and was, in reality, much less formidable.

Then came Mr. JEFFERSON. He was the third President. He was, undoubtedly, a man of more genius than either of his predecessors. His talent was finer, but not so strong. He was a scholar and a philosopher, full of theory and hypothesis. And what was the character of his administration? Was it not wholly given up to theory and

hypothesis, experiment and trial? He turned the whole of the United States into a laboratory—a workshop—a lecture-room; and kept the whole country in alarm with his demonstrations in political economy, legislation, mechanics, and government. Hence it is, that, to this day, it is difficult to determine whether his administration, on the whole, was productive of great benefit or great evil to the American people. The most extraordinary changes, transmutations, and phenomena, were continually taking place before their eyes; but they were, generally, unintelligible, so that he left the country pretty much in the situation that his fame at Montecello is at this moment—altogether transformed from its natural state—altogether different from what it was, when he took it in hand—a puzzle and a problem to the world.

To him succeeded Mr. MADISON—the fourth American President. He was altogether of a different constitution—loquacious, plausible, adroit, and subtle. Out of his administration grew the war between his country and this. It has been a question much agitated among many sensible men, and respectable politicians, whom I have known in different countries—whether Mr. Madison, whose temper was neither quarrelsome nor warlike, really wished for, and promoted, and expedited the war, or not? I have heard the same question warmly debated among his countrymen and friends. They had, probably, never seen, or had overlooked the significance of a paper in the “Federalist,” (a work produced by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Madison, in defence of the constitution then about to be adopted by the American people)—written by Mr. Madison himself, when a young man, in which he shows, plainly and convincingly, how vast an augmentation of patronage, and, of course, *power*, the President of the United States would derive from a state of war. No man saw it so clearly at the time—no man remembered it, after the debate was over, so distinctly, and no man could have profited by it more resolutely than did Mr. Madison, when he came to be what, when he foretold the evil,

he had no more idea of being, than he has now of being an Emperor—the President of the United States, with ample power to fulfil the prophecy.

The next, and last of the American Presidents, is Mr. MUNROE, a remarkably plain, sensible man—very honest, and, but for this last message of his, which is wholly unlike any thing that he has ever written, or said, or done before, I should be inclined to think of a very prudent, cold, and phlegmatic temperament. Yet, what is his administration, but a history of the man himself—or rather a biography?

If all this be true, have we no interest in understanding the true character of the five men, out of whom the next President of the United States will be chosen? My opinion is, that we have, and that we ought to have, and therefore I shall give a sketch, first, of the President now in office, and then, of the five candidates, out of whom one will be chosen to succeed him.

Mr. Munroe, the actual President at this time, is an old-fashioned-looking man, whose manner is a compound of natural, strong simplicity, and artificial courtesy. He is very awkward, and very affable; with a countenance and address so distinguished for substantial good sense, and downright honesty—like that which we oftentimes meet with in humble life among the uneducated, that if you should encounter him accidentally, in the company of men of the world, without knowing him, you would take him for a sensible man, quite unaccustomed to such society, and altogether above the folly and affectation of imitating them. But, let some one tell you that this sensible, uneducated man, is no less a personage than the President of the United States, and you would be likely to discover something almost awful in his plainness of manner; something, before whose quiet rebuke the grandeur and beauty of courtly bearing would fall away, like affectation. Yet is it not so?—Mr. Munroe is really an awkward man; and so are most of the candidates, at this moment, “all, all awkward men.”

And yet his acquired courtesy, and a sort of farmer-like, or republican cor-

diality, which, being tempered with much gravity and reserve, induces you to think that more is meant than said, operate upon those who see him, very like that insincere, graceful, and flattering manner, which we look for in the European courtier; and have made it a common remark throughout the United States, and particularly in the city of Washington, that an unsuccessful applicant will come away better satisfied with Mr. Munroe, than a successful one will from Mr. Adams, the present Secretary of State.

I paid this gentleman, (Mr. Munroe) a visit once, on the very evening before he was to send a message to Congress. The front of his house, which is really quite a palace, was entirely dark: there were no lamps lighted, no servants in waiting, and I had to find my way as I could among the marble pillars, and over the broad marble pavement of the great hall, into the private study of the President. I was quite struck with the appearance of every thing I saw there:—the man himself—the furniture—and the conversation were all of a piece, and rather out of keeping, I thought, with the marble chimney-piece, and magnificent ceiling and carpeting. There were a couple of common candles,—tallow, I dare say, lighted upon his table, and the furniture, though costly, was very plain and substantial. In fact there was an air of rigorous economy about all the decorations of the room, except those which were furnished by the Congress: and the economy too, not of a chief magistrate, so much as of a private gentleman, who had neither the power nor the disposition to be more prodigal.

And now for the candidates. Mr. CALHOUN, the present Secretary of War (or Minister of War,) is one of the five, and the youngest among them. He has distinguished himself in Congress, by his intrepid eloquence, and, in the cabinet, by some bold and able, but hazardous undertakings. He is nearly six feet in height, walks very erect, so that his stature appears even greater than that: has very dark expressive eyes: high cheek-bones, and a square forehead, with a physiognomy

rather of the Scotch character: talks with singular rapidity and vehemence, when at all excited, and electioneers more barefacedly, and with less address, than any other of the five candidates. He is too young a man for the office, and has little or no chance of success: he is very ambitious, and fully aware of the consequences if he should fail. His adversaries say that he will jump before he comes to the still; and *must* clear the passage, or be thrown out for ever. They are probably right. But if he should be elected, and it is quite possible, though not probable that he will be, he will seek to distinguish his administration by very high-handed measures. Such a course would be natural to most ambitious young men, who find it easier to design than imitate; pleasanter to open a new path for themselves, than to follow any that another has opened; and a much finer thing to suggest a great improvement, for another to carry into execution, than to assist in consummating the plans of another, particularly in a government, which, on account of the quick rotation in office, will seldom permit any one man both to originate and consummate any great political measure.

Mr. CRAWFORD, the Secretary of the Treasury, (corresponding with our Chancellor of the Exchequer,) is the second candidate. He is a tall, stately man, more than six feet high, and large in proportion. He was a school-master; and, it is said, has killed his man, a circumstance not at all against him with the Southern Americans, but very much so among the men of New England, who reprobate duelling as absolute murder. Mr. Crawford is fuller of political resources than Mr. Calhoun, and manages his cards more adroitly; but then his enemies, and those who are opposed to him, are men of a more serious temper, and a more steady determination, than those of Mr. Calhoun. Their opposition to Mr. Crawford is chiefly that of principle; and not political, so much as moral principle; while their objection to Mr. Calhoun grows chiefly out of his youth, temper, and indiscretion. The influence of Mr. Crawford's character,

should he be elected, will be chiefly felt in the domestic administration of the government: that of Mr. Calhoun, on the contrary, would be most operative upon the foreign relations of the American people.

Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the present Secretary of State (premier,) son of the former President Adams, and the third candidate, is one of the ablest statesmen, and most profound scholars of the age. The chief objections to him are, that he is the son of a distinguished federalist,—that he is an apostate from the federal party,—that his father was a President before him, which, in a country so very republican as that of the United States, in its horror of any thing *hereditary*, is, or ought to be, an insurmountable objection to the son, although three other Presidents, and a whole generation, have already intervened between the reign of the father, and the pretension of the son; and that he is the present Secretary of State, occupying an office from which the President has been taken so frequently, that it is come to be considered as a certain stepping-stone, and the very next one to the Presidential chair. These are formidable objections to a jealous people, whose *theory* of government is about the finest that the world ever saw; and it is quite possible that they will outweigh all other circumstances—practical virtue—and great talent—in the day of trial.

Mr. Adams has represented his country at several European courts; and it is known that his influence has been felt and acknowledged in the most unequivocal manner by that of Russia.

He is a fine belles-lettres scholar; was a lecturer on judicial and popular eloquence in Harvard university, (New England;) and has published a very valuable work, on the subject of Rhetoric and Elocution. The most unlucky and most unworthy thing that he has ever done, to my knowledge, is one that he can never be justified for having done. He consented, some years ago, to deliver the fourth of July oration at the Capitol in Washington; and in delivering it, forgot that he was no longer John Quincy Adams, an

American citizen, justly exasperated at the indignity with which the genius, and literature, and hospitality of his countrymen had been treated here, and fully justified in expressing his indignation—he forgot that he was no longer a private citizen, in whom such a thing would be justifiable—and did not recollect that he was the Secretary of State for the United States—the chief organ of the government, in whose language on such an occasion, all philippic, reproach, and recrimination, would be undignified and mischievous; a perpetual precedent for other and humbler men. I could applaud the spirit of the man—but cannot help pitying that of the politician and statesman, while so employed. As the oration of Mr. John Quincy Adams, the polite scholar and accomplished gentleman, it was pleasant to read; but as the work of a statesman,—the deliberate manifestation of sentiment, by the Secretary of State for the United States, it was undignified and indiscreet.

In a time of peace, Mr. Adams would be better calculated to advance the reputation of his country abroad, than any other of the five candidates. Literature, and literary men, would be more respectable under his administration than they ever have been; and the political negotiation of the country would continue to be, what it has been, during his occupation of the office which he now holds in the cabinet, profound, clear, and comprehensive.

Let any one imagine the effect of his presence and manner upon some foreign ambassador, (no matter from what country of Europe he may come,) who should see him for the first time as I have often seen him—The gentleman from abroad, familiar with the pomp and circumstance of royalty at home, and through all the courts of Europe, it may be, and full of strange misapprehension of republican simplicity—imagining it to be what it generally is, either rude and affected,—worn for the gratification of the mob—or the natural manner of uneducated people, who are not so much superior to, as they are ignorant of, courtly parade, yet prone to imitation nevertheless, has prepared—we will suppose,

for an introduction to the President of the United States :—a single attendant announces him.—He is ushered into the presence-chamber, without any ceremony, into a very plain room, furnished not so handsomely as it is common to see that of a respectable tradesman in England.

He sees a little man writing at a table—nearly bald, with a face quite formal and destitute of expression ; his eyes running with water ; his slippers down at heel—fingers stained with ink ; in warm weather wearing a striped seersucker coat, and white trowsers, and dirty waistcoat, spotted with ink ; his whole dress, altogether, not worth a couple of pounds ; or, in a colder season, habited in a plain blue coat, much the worse for wear, and other garments in proportion ; not so respectable as they may find in the old-clothes bag of almost any Jew in the street.—This man, whom the Ambassador mistakes for a clerk of the department, and only wonders, in looking at him, that the President should permit a man to appear before him in such dress, proves to be the President of the United States himself. The stranger is perplexed and confounded ; he hardly knows how to behave toward such a personage. But others arrive, one after the other—natives of different countries, speaking different languages.—Conversation begins. The little man awakes. His countenance is gradually illuminated—his voice changes. His eyes are lighted up with an expression of intense sagacity, earnestness, and pleasantry. Every subject is handled in succession—and every one in the language of the stranger with whom he happens to be conversing, if that stranger should betray any want of familiarity with the English language.—What are the opinions of this Ambassador here ? what does he know of the address and appearance of Mr. Adams ? Nothing. He has forgotten the first impressions ; and when he has returned to his house, it would be difficult to persuade him that the President of the United States is either dirty in his dress, little, or poorly clad.

GENERAL JACKSON is the next candidate. He is a man of a very resolute and despotic temper : so determined and persevering, that, having once undertaken a measure, he will carry it through, right or wrong ; so absolute, that he will endure neither opposition nor remonstrance. He has a powerful party in his favour ; but his enemies are also very powerful, and ready to go all lengths in preventing his election. He has gone through every stage of political and active service.—He has been successively a judge, a general, a governor, and a senator. He is a man of singular energy, decision, and promptitude—a good soldier, and would have been a great captain, had he been educated in the wars of Europe. His countrymen hold him to be the greatest general in the world ; but he has never had an opportunity to show his generalship. His warfare with the Indians ; and his victory at New Orleans, though carried on with sufficient skill for the occasion, were of a nature rather to develope his talent as a brave man, than as a great general.

His countrymen give a bad reason for desiring to promote him to the Presidency. They admit the great ability of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay in the cabinet ; but then they contend that Gen. Jackson has no rival in the field.

Granted, if they please—but what does that prove ? In case of war, General Jackson's services would be wanted in the field, not in the Presidential chair. And in a time of peace, his talents as a general would be useless. It would have been a better reason to give for his election to the war office ; and yet it would have been a bad one there. In a time of peace, the manner of General Jackson, who is a very erect, stiff, tall, military man, about six feet high, would be less likely than that of any other of the five candidates, to make a favourable impression upon foreigners. It is dignified to be sure, and conciliatory ; but then, it does not appear natural, and is far from being easy or graceful.

If General Jackson should be elected, there would be a thorough revolution in the present system of things. He would, probably, do a great deal of

good—but might do a great deal of harm, in his thorough-going, revolutionary, and absolute spirit. His officers would all resemble himself: his influence would assemble all the rash and adventurous material of the nation about him—and honest as he undoubtedly is, lead the country into many a situation of peril. A man who, after having received the fire of his adversary, where the parties were permitted to fire when they pleased, walked deliberately up to him, and shot him through the head (a story that is generally told, and generally believed in America:)—a man who ventured to reform the judgment of a court-martial, and order two men to execution, because he thought them worthy of death; a man who suspended the Habeas Corpus act, of his own free will, at New Orleans, and, I believe, actually imprisoned, or threatened to imprison, the judge for issuing a writ; a man who imprisoned, or arrested, the governor of Florida—invaded a neighbouring territory, of his own head, with an army at his back—and publicly threatened to cut off the ears of sundry senators of the United States, for having ventured to expostulate with the government, on account of his high-handed measures, however he may be fitted for a time of war, is not very well calculated, I should think, to advance the political reputation, or interests of his country, in time of peace.

The last of the candidates, Mr. CLAY, one of the American Commissioners at Ghent, and for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives, a situation of great influence and authority, is better known in Europe, than any of the others, except Mr. Adams. He is a plain-looking man, with a common face; light hair; about five feet ten; talks with great animation, and declaims with surprising fluency and boldness. He exercises a very commanding influence over a powerful party in his country; and if elected, will contribute greatly to extend the reputation of the government. He is neither so profound, nor so comprehensive, as Mr. Adams in his political views; but he is an able and honest

politician; with friends a thousand times more enthusiastic than are those of Mr. Adams; but they are neither so numerous, so thoughtful, nor so respectable.

His manner is very unpretending, and very awkward: he has a good deal of electioneering expedient—but it is easily seen through. I remember having seen him enter the city of Washington, alone, and unattended by a servant, on horseback, with his portmanteau or valise, stuffed behind the saddle, two or three days before the election of Speaker. He had been reported sick and dying for several successive weeks—and was, finally, said to be actually a dead man. And when he appeared, it was in the manner which I have described, although the issue of his election as Speaker, was generally believed to be, in one alternative, conclusive upon his chance for the Presidency; that is—if he were *not* elected Speaker, it was believed that he had no chance for the Presidency, although, if he were elected Speaker, his election to the Presidency was not by any means, certain to follow. These reports, and the republican entry, were, probably electioneering tricks: the first (for Mr. Clay had never been sick at all) was got up by his friends to try the pulse of the people; and the latter was his own.—

I have now described the five Presidents and five candidates; but I forgot to mention, that nine out of the whole ten, were either educated for the bar, or actual practitioners of the law, at some period or other of their lives. In fact, I believe, that all but Washington were originally destined for that profession, although I am not certain about Mr. Munroe, Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Crawford. The law is seldom or never studied in America, as an accomplishment; and until lately, has never entered into their plan of collegiate education. But, for nearly half a century, it has been the favourite profession of ambitious fathers, and needy young men of talent, as the only highway to political distinction, and as the most respectable and certain means of obtaining a livelihood without capital or mechanical labour. A. B.

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

### PAUL JONES.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

**I** CAN add some little to your information on the subject of Paul Jones. That little is authentic; and moreover I am enabled to give you an original account (from his first, and indeed only lieutenant), of the action with the *Serapis*, the Gazette account of which appeared in your last number.

In the year 1801, two of the largest frigates in the world lay near each other in the Bay of Gibraltar. It was a question *which* was the largest. Some gave it that the *American* President (Commodore Dale) had it in length, and the *Portuguese* Carlotta (Commodore Duncan) in breadth. Each commander had a wish to survey the vessel of the other, and yet these gentlemen could never be brought together. There was a shyness as to who should pay the first visit. There is no more punctilious observer of etiquette than a naval commander, jealous of the honour of his flag, on a foreign station. A master of ceremonies, or a king at arms, is nothing to him at a match of precedence. The wings of a ship are the college in which he obtains this polite acquirement, and when he comes to run up his pennant we may be sure that a very professor in the courtesies flaunts upon the quarter deck. Dale was a good humoured fellow, a square strong set man, rather inclined to corpulence, jolly and hospitable. His pride in the command and discipline of his squadron, and the dignity of his diplomatic function, as the paramount of his nation in the Mediterranean, formed a very gentle bridle on his easy intercourse and open-heartedness. Now he thought that the Portuguese Commodore should "*cale vurst*" (Parson Trulliber has it so), as having been earliest at the station. This was mentioned to Duncan (a fine hard bitten little old seaman by the way), and he forthwith laid down his punctilio in a manner that put an end to all hopes of an intimacy, or of a friendly measurement of the two ships.—"Sir," said he, "as Commodore Duncan of the Portuguese navy, I would readily call first upon Commodore Dale of the Amer-

ican navy, but as Lieutenant Duncan of the British navy, I cannot call upon a gentleman who served under the pirate Paul Jones."

This awoke my curiosity, and the next time I was in company with Commodore Dale, he, perceiving that my conversation led that way, readily met me in it. He had been with Jones in the *Ranger*, as well as in the *Bon Homme Richard*. What follows is from his recital.

Paul Jones *wanted* (as the Bow-street runners say) Lord Selkirk, to try upon him the experiment practising on President Laurens in the Tower; and if Laurens had suffered, Lord Selkirk, or any other great man they could get hold of, would have been put to death. Lord Selkirk was only preferred as being considered by his supposed residence to be the readiest for capture.—Jones was surprised and displeased at the family plate being brought on board, but the returning it would have been too serious a displeasure to his crew. It was sold by public auction at Cadiz, bought in by Jones, and sent back, as we have known.

Commodore Dale thus related the action with the *Serapis*. The "*Bon Homme Richard*" was an old East Indiaman, bought and fitted out at a French port, and so christened out of compliment to Franklin, then in Paris, one of whose instructive tales is conveyed under such a title. Having originally no ports in her lower deck, six were broken out (three on a side) and fitted with six French eleven-pounder guns. On the upper deck she had twenty-four or twenty-six of smaller calibre. She had a numerous crew, to which were added some recruits of the Irish Brigade commanded by a lieutenant—now a general officer in the British service. Fontenoy was one instance, and this action was another, of the gallantry of these unfortunate gentlemen, whom an invincible hereditary feeling had driven into the service of the French monarch. When the last of their protectors was dethroned, honour brought them gladly over to

the standard of their country. In this vessel with the Alliance American frigate of 36 guns (a fine regular ship of war), and the Pallas French frigate of 32, Paul Jones started on a marauding expedition, only differing from that of Whitehaven, as being on a larger scale. It was his intention to amerce our north eastern ports in heavy pecuniary ransoms, or to destroy the shipping and buildings as far as could be affected. He had intelligence, or believed so, of the exact number of troops stationed in these different places. Leith was the first great object. Entering the Firth they seized upon a Scotch fishing boat. The owner was refractory, but they terrified him into the office of Pilot. The wind became adverse; they reached Inchkeith, but could not weather it, and had to stand out again. Making the land next to visit Whitby and Hull, they fell in with a large convoy, which dispersed while the ships of war (Serapis 44, Capt. Pearson, and Percy 20 guns, Capt. Piercy) which protected it, stood right out to engage them. The determination was mutual; there was a deal of hailing from the Serapis to the really *strange* ship which approached her. They closed, and the Bon Homme, by Jones's order, was made fast to the Serapis. While these were thus closely engaged, the Alliance worked round the two ships, pouring in raking broadsides, which Paul Jones finding equally injurious to his own ship, as intended for the Serapis, put an end to by ordering the Alliance off, and she lay by during the rest of the action, while the Pallas was engaged with the British sloop of war. The cannonade was to the advantage of the Serapis, and gradually silenced the fire of the Bon Homme. The latter wished and expected once to be boarded, the British boarders were about to enter, but returned deterred at the superior number lying waiting for them, and purposely concealed as far as might be under the gangway. Lieutenant Dale, on going below, found two of the three guns on the fighting side silenced, and the crew of the other vying with the crew of a British gun opposite which should fire first. The British were quickest, and

that gun was knocked over also. He returned slightly wounded and much fatigued to the upper deck, and was seated on the windlass, when the explosion which blew up the upper deck of the Serapis all aft from the main hatchway, gave the victory to the Bon Homme. For this success they were indebted to the officers and party of their marines. Seated out on the yard, grenades were handed along, dropped by the officer into the hatchway of the Serapis, and at last caught to some ammunition.

Paul Jones, crippled and afflicted with the gout, was seated during the affair in a chair on the quarter deck. Dale boarded the Serapis with a few men. As he made his way aft he saw a solitary person leaning on the taffrail in a melancholy posture, his face resting on his hands. It was Capt. Pearson. He said to Dale, "The ship has struck." While hurrying him on, an officer came from below and observed to Capt. Pearson, that the ship alongside was going down. "We have got three guns clear, Sir, and they will soon send her to the devil." The Captain replied, "It's too late, Sir, call the men off, the ship has struck." "*I'll go below, Sir, and call them off immediately;*" and he was about to descend, when Dale interfering said, "*No, Sir, if you please, you'll come on board with me.*" Dale told me, that if he had let that officer go below, he feared that he would have sunk them, as the Bon Homme was old, settling in the water, and in fact went to the bottom that night.

Paul Jones was, in Commodore Dale's opinion, a very skilful enterprising officer, but harsh and overbearing in disposition.

He was afterwards, as your correspondent in the last number has related, taken into the service of the Empress of Russia, and was to have had an important command against the Turks. Greig, however, and the other British officers in her service, memorialized against it. They would neither associate nor serve with him, and, if she had not got rid of him, would have left her fleets.

Wherever Paul Jones was born, I

have understood, from what I thought him, that quarrelling with a fellow ap-  
 good authority, that he was apprentice prentice, he took an opportunity to  
 in a coal vessel, in the employ of Mr. anoint the lad's head with a tar brush,  
 Wilson at Whitehaven. It is told of and then set it on fire.

#### THE SENSE OF GOD.

WHATEVER social ills may press us round,  
 Thou, sense of God, exalting and profound,  
 'Tis thou to earth's sad children break'st the shock ;  
 Thou meet'st the poet on his lonely rock,  
 Reveal'st *Jehovah* to his ardent gaze,  
 And tunest his lips to confidence and praise.  
 Grand thought of God ! to which, midst pleasures vain,  
 Our human weakness conscious turns again ;  
 These are the blessings thou to man hast given,  
 And thus Religion links the earth to heaven.  
 Who shall disown thee ?—God withdrawn, a veil  
 Shrouds the dim earth and yon bright heavens turn pale ;  
 Laws—morals—virtue—prone to dust are hurl'd,  
 An aimless system and an orphan world !

#### THE POTATOE.

I am now going to offer some re-  
 marks on what is likely to be general-  
 ly uppermost in the mind of an Irish-  
 man, as affording subsistence, not only  
 to men, women, and children, but  
 also to all those live appendages,  
 pigs, dogs, horses, cattle, and poultry  
 —the potatoe. If you should happen  
 to be disposed to conjectural anticipa-  
 tion, you will perhaps think that I  
 mean to propose, what national grati-  
 tude ought to have done long since,  
 the erection of a statue to Sir Walter  
 Raleigh, by whom the potatoe was first  
 brought to this country, and presented  
 to a nobleman, right worthy of being  
 the dispenser of natural benefits, Rich-  
 ard, the first Earl of Cork. But no, I  
 have no such intention. I question  
 whether any important advantage was  
 in the contemplation of the donor ;  
 and moreover, I doubt whether the  
 culture would have been recommended  
 by either of those great men, had they  
 been able to predict the future and re-  
 mote consequences of the gift. The  
 great Earl of Cork, (as he is common-  
 ly called,) the munificent founder of  
 many towns, as well as of an illustrious  
 race, to whom the county of Cork has  
 never ceased to owe those obligations  
 which the rare union of virtue and  
 ability so happily enables their posses-  
 sor to bestow, certainly contemplated a  
 different sort of subsistence than pota-  
 toe diet for his numerous tenantry.  
 Could his lordship have foreseen that  
 they would become almost the only  
 food of the people ; that they would  
 supplant the use of bread, abolish the  
 arts of culinary preparation, and by the  
 extreme facility of providing a mere  
 bellyful, promote idleness and vaga-  
 bondism, and multiply an ever-growing  
 propagation of paupers, he would, I  
 will venture to affirm, have been the  
 very last man to advise or encourage  
 the culture of potatoes. But let me  
 not be considered as meaning to de-  
 preciate so extraordinary and valuable  
 a root. I only lament the excessive  
 use, or rather abuse, of one of the most  
 useful vegetable gifts which the boun-  
 teous hand of the Almighty Creator  
 has conferred upon mankind. Used  
 as they are in the sister island, as an  
 auxiliary to better food, their worth is  
 inestimable ; but constituting, as they  
 do here, almost the sole food of the  
 lower orders, the effect is as I have  
 stated ; and though the blame be not  
 attributable to the article itself, yet is  
 not the consequent wretchedness of  
 its consumers the less deplorable.  
 They are objectionable in another re-  
 spect, as being only a supply for the  
 current year ; so that the superabund-  
 ance of a favourable season will con-  
 stitute nothing to the relief of a defi-  
 cient. Hence the superfluity of sub-  
 sistence among a potatoe-fed people  
 in any given year, is but a superfluity  
 waste, which does not afford the small-  
 est security against a famine on the

ensuing. Every other species of staple food can be held over ; and, therefore, for this, as well as other reasons, it should be one of the prime objects of all those, whose ability and wishes to

promote the interests of the people go hand in hand, to ameliorate their style of living, and render them somewhat less dependent upon the fluctuating comforts of the potatoe system.

#### NANCY DAWSON.

A bird-catcher, wishing to increase his stock of bull-finches, took out his caged bird and his limed twigs, and placed them in such situation of hedge or gooseberry bush, as he judged favourable to success in the anxious sport of bird catching. It so happened that his own bird was a bird of education ; such as is usually termed a *piping* bullfinch.—In the first instance a few accidentally thrown out natural notes, or calls, had attracted three or four of his kindred feather, who had now taken their stations not far distant from the

cage.—There they stood, eyeing Bully in his citadel, with doubt and curiosity. And now, they were beginning to move inch by inch, hop by hop, toward him, and to the fatal twigs : again they became stationary, and attentive. It was in this eager and suspended moment, that the piping bullfinch suddenly struck up the old country dance of *Nancy Dawson*.—Away flew every astounded bullfinch as fast as wings could move, in such alarm and confusion as bullfinches could feel, and they only can venture to describe.

#### FRENCH BOMBAST.

Sterne exemplifies the French tendency to conversational bombast of expression by the asseveration of his barber ; who protested to him, that “the curls of his wig would stand though he *plunged them in the ocean*.” As if, quietly observes the sentimentalist, I should pull on my boots and post to the shores of the Atlantic, for the

purpose of trying the experiment ! An English hair-dresser would have contented himself with suggesting a dip in a bucket. This habit of exaggeration in their common-life language has been adduced to account for their characteristic meagreness of diction in verse : as if having exhausted their force of expression, they had nothing left.

#### NEW DRAMA—BY J. HOWARD PAYNE.

At Covent Garden, May 27, a sportive drama, in three acts, and entitled “Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch,” was produced at this theatre with entire success. Miss M. Tree played archly and sweetly ; and in two songs, as well as a duet with Duruset, did justice to some of the most beautiful words we have lately heard introduced for theatrical music, which we subjoin :

##### SONG.

OH, not when other eyes may read  
My heart upon my cheek—  
Oh, not when other ears can hear,  
Dare I of love to speak :  
But when the stars rise from the sea,  
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love !  
Oh, then I think of thee.  
  
When o'er the olives of the dell  
The silent moonlight falls,  
And upon the rose the dew  
Hangs scented coronals,  
And buds close on the chesnut-tree,—  
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love !  
Oh, then I think of thee.

##### DUET.

LOVE, one day, essayed to gain  
Entrance into Beauty's bower ;  
Many a toil and many a chain  
Guarded round the precious flower.  
  
But Love laid aside his bow,  
Veiled his wing, hid his dart,  
Entered more than Beauty's bower,  
Entered also Beauty's heart.  
  
Hence was the sweet lesson learnt—  
Fond hearts never should despair ;  
Kept with truth, and led by hope,  
What is there Love may not dare ?

##### RECITATIVE.

Thrice beautiful !—alas ! that here  
Should ever come a frown or tear ;  
But not beneath the gilded dome  
Hath happiness its only home.

##### AIR.

Not in the pictured halls,  
Not amid marble walls,  
Will young Love dwell ;  
Love's home's the heart alone—  
That heart, too, all his own,  
Else, Love, farewell.

## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

### THE SICILIAN DWARF.

I AM sure my readers will be very glad to hear that I have accommodated matters with my fair friend, Miss Crachami. Feeling for the mortification under which I must be labouring, in consequence of her jilting me, she had even the condescension to visit me in person. My delight and gratitude, of course, may be understood by persons of fine sensibilities, like my own. I can only say I can say no more. Well, we had a pleasant chat together; and I found my little lady, like all other ladies, much more agreeable in private than in public. She was lively and interesting; sat upon a small tea-caddy with infinite grace, and listened to music with evident pleasure, beating time with her tiny foot, and waving her head just as any boarding-school Miss in her upper teens, and conscious of the beauty of her movements, would do. Being desirous of proposing certain delicate measures, I took great pains to make a favourable impression on her heart, and had the happiness to succeed: the consequence of which is, that besides retaining a ring (see below) as the proof of her affection, I



am enabled to mention, without betraying confidence, or impugning the female character, what those measures actually were. First, then, I found that the real height of Miss Crachami is nineteen inches and a half; her weight five pounds; the length of her foot (Cinderella was a nobody!) three inches and one-eighth; and the length of her fore-finger (she would not give me the wedding one) one inch and seven-eighths!!! Having thus gone my lengths, I was allowed to go my rounds; and they follow: Round the head, twelve inches three-eighths;—round the waist, eleven inches and a quarter; round the neck, (only think of taking such a creature round the neck!) five inches and three-eighths; round the ankle, three inches and a quarter; and round the wrist, two inches and seven-sixteenths!!

These are, bona fide, the measure-

ments of this most extraordinary human Being, and the type annexed is the size of her fore-finger ring. Among the other means taken to ascertain the extent of her faculties and feelings, I presented a common waxen doll, about a head taller than herself: her scream of rapture was extremely curious, and she hugged and stroked the image with far greater delight than seemed to be afforded her by any other thing. One of the small waxen dolls, about five inches long, was rejected with strong marks of disdain; though, in relative proportion, exactly what ought to have pleased her as a plaything. But the larger one was a playfellow, a companion, a sister. Weak diluted wine and biscuit she relished much, and patted her stomach, saying "good, good," as children are sometimes taught to do. For a couple of hours her attention was unrelaxed, and she was observant and animated throughout. She walked a few paces, and expressed many various feelings, of like and dislike, both to persons and things, of impatience, enjoyment, mirth—the latter prevailing. Upon the whole, I became more perfectly convinced that this *Dwarf* is certainly the *greatest* wonder of the kind that ever existed. [See *Ath.* p.229.287.

### LONDON.

One of the very worst forms in which London presents itself, even to a Londoner, is that of the inn, hotel, xenodochion, khan, or caravansera, to which, (if he have no household gods of his own,) he must repair on his arrival. What then must a Frenchman, or a native of Southern Europe, think of a similar reception?—The soi-disant coffee-room, stalled off like a stable, with its two or three miserable candles, its sanded floor, its phalanx of empty decanters, and wine-glasses full of tooth-picks and wafers, its solitude and its silence! To such a place was I obliged to betake myself, after a first and a long absence, which had cancelled abundance of national prejudices, and impaired the power of accommodating to the habits I was about to resume. The newspapers, those polyglott versions of the infinitely diversified events, accidents, crimes, punishments, and contingencies of an enor-

mous metropolis, for a single day, were the only resource. But their interest was lost to me, and after listening a-while to the ticking of the dial, and making many a fretful glance at the coffee-house system of Naples, Venice, and Paris, I abruptly summoned the chambermaid, and followed her to the cell to which she had destined me for the night. One advantage, indeed, there was in this ambitious apartment, that if a fire should take place in the better frequented floors of this immense barrack, "ourselves" and the pigeons would probably be the longest survivors.

#### KNOCKERS.

It was in London that I began to attend to the harmony and expressiveness of the various *knockings* or *pulsations* of which a street-door is susceptible. I shall say a word or two on this subject, as there are no knockers across the Channel.—"Quamquam animus meminisse horret—incipiam."—These instruments, like mortars, are made of bronze or cast iron; and as they are of various calibres, they can, of course, *project sound* to various distances. A discharge of this kind in Grosvenor-square, when the wind is favourable, will frequently *startle the deer* in the Park, ruffle the water of the Serpentine, & vibrate in the alcoves of Kensington.

I also conceive that there is already room, even in the present imperfect "state of the science," for distinguishing the different kinds of performance on this instrument, by an adequate nomenclature.

I would divide *knocks*, for the present, into, 1. Hesitating or submissive. These are usually performed by thin pale-looking persons with folded papers in their hands.—"Could I speak for a moment *to the lady*?" 2. Importunate or expostulating, performed by tradesmen.—"Did you tell Mr. A. I called twice last week? When *will* he be at home?" 3. Confident or friendly.—"Well, John, is your master at home?" 4. Alarming or fashionable. These are *preceded* by the short sharp stop of a carriage, generally of the barouche kind, and are *followed* by the sound of many feet in kid slippers on the staircase. Of

single knocks I say nothing—*ex uno disce omnes*—there is no eloquence in *them*. The postman and the tax-gatherer's knock of office, expresses the impatience of authority very intelligibly; and the knock domestic, *your own knock*, makes everybody *I hope* glad, and stirs up the spaniel from the hearth-rug. I have not leisure to notice the interesting association of bell and knockers into one *compound instrument* of considerably increased power, but at some future time I may probably favour the world with a small volume, entitled, "*Tuptologia*" (*Keraunologia* would be better still,) with plates of the various kinds of knockers, and directions for their use. In fashionable streets, (*sit obiter dictum*,) the knockers ought to be of silver, the only objection to which is, that (*notwithstanding* the marvellous effects of education) they would *occasionally* be stolen.

#### MISCELLANEOUS COMFORTS.

In order to complete the little sketch that I proposed to give of the impressions which a return to London makes upon the *senses*, I now add a few miscellaneous remarks.

The climate and atmosphere of London is not only extremely salutary and contributive to the longevity of *blind men*, and other mendicants, but it is astonishingly favourable to that of *fish*, which, however deprived of their natural element, remain *alive* for a very considerable time. Cod, soles, and flounders, in London, are always "*alive*!" and living sprats are vend- ed in myriads! The tenacity of life of some of these animals is so obstinate, that there is reason to believe they continue to live for several days together. It might be interesting to mark the tail of a particular individual, in order to learn how long he continues in this state of disagreeable existence. Salmon and herring, I observe, are only announced as being fresh, that is, *recently dead*. I looked out of my window one day on a basket of lobsters, which the proprietor declared to be *alive*; a peculiar species, I presume, for they were of that fine coral colour which this animal usually assumes when *boiled*.

In the early spring, among many little elegant local customs, this is one: That as you take a morning walk in the green park, you meet several young women, who extend a bunch of *matches* to the immediate vicinity of your nose, with as much confidence as if they were primroses. These flowers of *Brimstone* are the first vernal productions of the *Flora Londinensis*; they are not presented *quite* in so winning a way as the violets, that are thrown at you in the *palais royal*; but I have no doubt that the bouquet, on the whole, is a wholesome one, and very probably useful as a prophylactic. To persons of classical mind, this offering of matches, "*Sulfura cum tædis*," will suggest the *Lustrations* of the ancients; though to others, of an irritable fibre, or uneasy conscience, I should be apprehensive that it might excite disagreeable reflections. Vide *Giovanni*, scene *last*.

Often, too, when you are most in a hurry, you will attend the passage of the same procession (a train of coal waggons, six in number, with six horses each!) in long diagonal from the end of the Haymarket, to Marybone Street, cutting off parties of light and heavy armed, impetuously facing each other. *These* at Weeks's museum, and *Those* at Eggs' the gun-makers—I have seen a great many manœuvres practised on those occasions, but the coal waggons have always the best of it.

Such are the *Trivial* hinderances to the pedestrian in London. On such an ample theme it is difficult to desist; but *troppo e troppo*; I shall just run over the heads of my notes, and have done.—Walk into the city more pleasant than formerly—pavements wider—houses down—more coming—(*multa cecidere cadentque*) whole of city more healthy than formerly—ruddy nursery-maids (*id genus omne interesting*) and fine children—young cockneys grow taller—College of Physicians, removal of—how connected with foregoing remarks—*cause* or *consequence*?—interesting question, but *delicate*—*Bakers* great admirers of the fine arts, stand at print shops—position of their *Basket* on those occasions—thrown on the back like the *clypeus* of a hero in re-

pose—advantage to passers by from that attitude—especially with black coats—Lamp-lighters—alarm occasioned by their *thuribulum*—benevolent provision for cats and dogs—barrows containing ditto on the pavement—provocative of appetite—Jews ready to strip you to the skin, or clothe you at any price—or cram your pockets with open pen-knives and oranges (bad neighbours) on your own terms. White horse cellar, *elevation* of young women (struggling in vain, to go to Fulham,) to Hammersmith or Brentford.

## NEW WORKS IN MAY.

The Witch-Finder, a Romance, by the author of "The Lollards," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.—Ourika, a Tale, from the French of the Duchess de Duras, 12mo. 3s.—Idwal, a Poem, with Notes, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Rushton's Poems, 8vo. 6s.—Boxiana, vol. iv. 8vo. 18s. Mornings at Bow-street, 8vo. 10s. 6d.; proofs, 15s.—Beckford's Biographical Memoirs of extraordinary Painters, 12mo. 5s. Lanfear's Letters to Young Ladies, f. cap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Westall's Illustrations of Southey's Roderick, prints, 10s. 6d.; proofs, 18s.; India proofs, 1l. 4s.—Vignettes of Derbyshire, post 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Coddington's Optics, 8vo. 8s.—Life of Gilbert Earl, Esq. post 8vo. 8s.—Moore's Life of the Rev. John Wesley, vol. i. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Mill's History of Mexico, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Mementos of a Tour through France, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.—Steel's Notes on the War in Spain, crown 8vo. 9s.—Kerr's Voyages, vol. xviii. 8vo. 14s. Boyle's Advice to Settlers in Tropical Climates, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Wilkinson's Tours to the British Mountains, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Corboux on the National Debt, 4to. 12s.—Faber's Difficulties of Infidelity, 8vo. 7s.—Benson's Sermons, Part ii. 8vo. 6s.—Wade's Observations on Fever, 8vo. 4s.—Ventouillac's French Classics, vol. v. and vi. containing Charles XII. 8s.—Gilchrist's Etymologic Interpreter, Part i. 8vo. 8s.—Dictionary of Quotations, Part ii. (blank verse,) 12mo. 7s.

## MR. BELZONI.

Died, at Gato, near Benin in Africa, on the 3d of December, Mr G. Belzoni, so well known for his Egyptian Tombs. He was so far on his way into the interior, endeavouring to reach Houssa, when a dysentery put an end to his valuable life. He was buried at Gato the day after his decease, and a board with the following inscription was placed over his grave.

"Here lie the remains of

G. BELZONI,

Who was attacked with dysentery at Benin (on his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo,)

On the 26th of November, and died at this place

December 3, 1823.

The gentlemen who placed this inscription over the grave of this intrepid and enterprising traveller, hope that every European visiting this spot will cause the ground to be cleared, and the fence round the grave repaired, if necessary."

Mr. Belzoni had been landed by Captain Filmore, R. N. at Benin; (whose polite attention to Mr. Belzoni, and to the interests of science, forms such a contrast to the treatment of Mr. Belzoni in another quarter by English agents.) Captain Filmore exerted himself assiduously in assisting the intrepid traveller, and discharged a man from his vessel who was a native of Houssa, that he might accompany Mr. B. on his route. The following extract of a letter contains most of the late particulars respecting this enterprising and scientific individual. It is dated from British Acera, January 7.

"On the night of the 24th of November, he, Mr. Belzoni, left us with Mr. Houtson for Gato. On parting with us, he seemed a little agitated, particularly when the crew (of the brig which brought him,) to each of whom he had made a present, gave him three loud cheers on leaving the vessel. 'God bless you, my fine fellows, and send you a happy sight of your country and friends!' was his answer. On the 3d of December I received a letter from Mr. Houtson, requesting me to come to Benin, as Mr. B. was lying dangerously ill, and, in case of death, wishing a second person to be present. I was prevented going, not only by business, but a severe fever, which had then hold of me. On the 5th, I had a second letter from Mr. H. with the particulars of Mr. B.'s end, and one from himself, almost illegible, dated Dec. 2, requesting me to assist in the disposal of his effects, and to remit the proceeds home to his agents, Messrs. Briggs, Brothers, and Co. America-square, London, together with a beautiful amethyst ring he wore, which he seemed particularly anxious should be delivered to his wife, with the assurance he died in the fullest affection for her, as he found himself too weak to write his last wishes and adieus.

"At the time of Mr. Belzoni's death, Mr. Houtson had every thing arranged with the King of Benin for his departure,

and, had his health continued, there is no doubt he would have succeeded. Mr. Belzoni passed at Benin as an inhabitant, or rather native of the interior, who had come to England when a youth, and was now trying to return to his country. The King and Emegrands (or nobles) gave credit to this, Mr. Belzoni being in a Moorish dress, with his beard nearly a foot in length. There was, however, some little jealousy amongst them, which was removed by a present or two well applied; and the King of Benin's messenger was to accompany Mr. Belzoni with the King's cane, and as many men as were considered necessary for a guard and baggage carriers. The King's name is respected as far as Houssa, and he has a messenger, or ambassador, stationary there. On Mr. Belzoni's arrival at Houssa, he was to leave his guard there, and proceed to Timbuctoo, the King not guaranteeing his safety farther than Houssa, and Timbuctoo not being known at Benin. On his return to Houssa he would make the necessary preparations for going down the Niger, and despatch his messenger and guard back with letters to his agents and to Mr. John Houston; the messenger to be rewarded according to the account the letters gave of his behaviour, and the King to receive a valuable stated present. This was the plan, and I think it would have proved fortunate had Mr. B. lived. Mr. B. began to waver in his opinion of the Niger being a branch of the Nile, after having seen one or two of these rivers in the bight of Benin."

Mr. Belzoni was a native of Padua, and had known England many years. He first visited Egypt with a view of erecting hydraulic engines for the Pacha, to assist in irrigating the country. In stature he was about six feet and a half, and possessed of great bodily strength. His manners and deportment were marked by great suavity and mildness, and he had a genuine love for science in all its branches. He was brave, ardent, and persevering in pursuit of his objects; and his decease at the moment of a strong hope of success must be deeply felt by all who estimate the true interests of science and the light of discovery at their due value.

(New Mon.)

### FORGET ME NOT.

Addressed to a young Lady, who, on the Author handing her into a carriage, held out at the window a Nosegay which he had presented to her, in which *Myosotis Scorpioides*, or *Forget me Not*, made a principal figure.

I CULL'D each floweret for my fair,  
The wild thyme and the heather bell,  
And round them twined a tendril rare:—  
She said the posy pleased her well,  
But of the flowers that deck the field  
Or grace the garden of the cot,  
Though others richer perfumes yield,  
The sweetest is "Forget me not."

We roam'd the mead, we climb'd the hill,  
We rambled o'er the breckan braer,  
The trees that crown'd the mossy rill  
They screen'd us from the glare of day.  
She said she loved the sylvan bower,  
Was charm'd with every rural spot;  
And, when arriv'd the parting hour,  
Her last words were, "Forget me not."